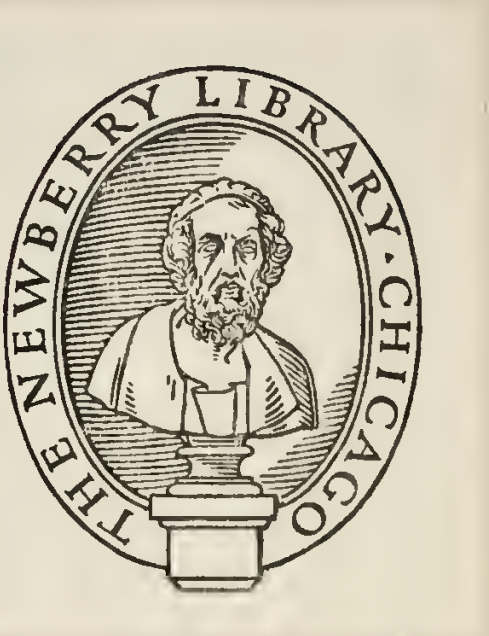
FAMILY MEMORIES

HUBBARD


THE NEWBERRY LIBRARY · CHICAGO

Family Memories



ABOUT 1875

Family Memories

BY

MARY ANN HUBBARD

NOVEMBER 2, 1820—JULY 19, 1909



PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION

1912



Family Memories

BY

MARY ANN HUBBARD

NOVEMBER 2, 1820—JULY 19, 1909



PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION

1912

Case
E
5
.H8403

47.443
OR

The following pages were written or dictated by Mrs. Hubbard, at the solicitation of her niece and namesake, during the last few years of her long and beautiful life.

They bear their own sufficient testimony that age had not impaired either her keen intellectual powers, the sweet unselfishness of her character, or her humble yet exultant Christian faith.

Without substantial change they are printed as she wrote them, for the inner circle of those who hold her memory most dear.

Family Memories

Family Memories

My dear Anna: As you are somewhat given to Antiquarian research, and as I am a piece of antiquity that you have an interest in, I will commence writing some reminiscences for you. I have promised you to write a little sketch of my life, and if I never begin I shall never end it, and so I will begin. I have always been doing things that I did not want to do, and generally have been glad afterwards that I made myself do them; so probably I shall be glad to end the story, if not to begin it.

Sarah has suggested that I dictate for her to write, but I feel sure that my thoughts will come out in stiff garments, and not be nearly so natural as if written in a more easy and imperfect way.

I was born in Middleboro, Mass., on the 2d of November, 1820. My elder brothers and sisters were all born in Windsor, Vt. We lived about fourteen miles from Plymouth Rock. Middleboro was bounded on one side by Plymouth, and I think it was early settled by the Pilgrim Fathers and their descendants, so they were near to the fountain-head.

The second centennial of the landing of the Pilgrims occurred when I was about seven

weeks old, and I have heard mother say that father and Mary Robinson (her assistant in household work and the care of the baby and the older children, three of them under twelve years of age) went to Plymouth on that occasion. As mother could not leave the baby, she was herself left; but it was a great occasion, and I think it was then that four kernels of corn were placed beside each plate at the feast, to remind the guests of the sufferings of their fathers and their reduced diet. Perhaps the custom had prevailed earlier and was continued later; I do not know.

My mother, Serena Tucker, was born in Middleboro, Mass. Both of her grandfathers were deacons in the Congregational Church — Deacon Tucker and Deacon Warren. I think their remains rest in the old graveyard a short distance from our former home, where, also, my grandmother Tucker was buried under a large oak tree with a tall white stone marking her grave. Her maiden name was Hannah Jedidah Warren. The inscription on her gravestone is: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." She lived to be about seventy.

I think my grandmother Tucker was a woman of force and fine intellect, as well as a good Christian woman. She was fine looking and a great reader of good books; in her portrait she shows a volume of Rollin's Ancient History.

It is related that her husband was enrolled

as one of the minute men at the time of the Revolutionary War, liable to be summoned to military duty at a minute's notice. Some one gave him notice to start, and she, supposing he must go, knew nothing until she came out of her fit and found him at her bedside and that her baby Paulina was born. A kind neighbor, seeing her situation, had offered himself as a substitute and gone in grandfather's place.

Grandmother had four portraits painted of herself and distributed them among her children. The one which I have belonged to mother, who said that as I had saved it from two fires — one while we were boarding at Judge Goodrich's, and the Chicago fire of 1871 — I was entitled to it. I have promised it to George Holt.

Mother was the tenth of eleven children, most of them having odd names, as was the fashion then.

The Tucker family

Andrew, the oldest of the eleven children (born Oct. 31, 1768), lived and died in Middleboro. He was a good man and cared for his mother and younger sisters. He was twice married and had two daughters. Sarah, the first wife's child, married Seth Eaton and came out to Ottawa. She lived there perhaps two years, was ill, went home, and died of consumption.

Hannah, the daughter by the second wife, married George Bates of Bridgewater, and had one son, Andrew Tucker, who died in California, and two daughters, Ellen, afterward Mrs. Markham, and Sarah, unmarried, who died February 13, 1905.

Cyrus, the next one, was born Feb. 2, 1770, and died unmarried. I think there were two sons of my grandmother both named Cyrus, the elder having died before the birth of the second, who probably died young, as I never heard much about him.

Bezaleel, called "Beza" (born Sept. 3, 1771), was a good man. It was at his house in Boston that your grandmother was married. This house had been the governor's residence, and was a fine large building with extensive grounds, in what was called Roxbury. The neighborhood abounded in huge rocks, and not far from his house he built a tomb in this rocky place. In later years, when I visited the house, the grounds were cut up and laid out in streets and squares, all but the lot on which was the burial place. By the kindness of the inmates, we were allowed to look through the house, and especially the library, formerly the children's room, where my cousin George Tucker had written some poetry on one of the small panes of glass. He died in France, quite young, of consumption. So far as I know he had none of his family with him. I was told that he died in the

arms of Professor Silliman, who was a friend of his.

There were five daughters of Beza, who mostly died young; one of them, Ellen, for whom your mother was named, was the first wife of Ralph Waldo Emerson. She was not over twenty years old when she died of consumption. Lucy and Mary both died young. The only one who survived to old age was Paulina, who married Capt. Joshua Nash and lived to be over seventy. They had two sons. He gave up all employment, escorting his family to various places for his wife's health, and finally, after living in Europe until their sons had to enter college, they returned and lived in Cambridge, Mass. He had softening of the brain, and died in some asylum. The two sons may be living, but the mother died some years ago.

Salmon was born Aug. 13, 1773, and died at Rio de la Plata in 1801. These dates do not fit the story in the family that he was in the Revolutionary War, and having been taken prisoner, was confined on a Jersey prison ship, from which he escaped by jumping overboard and swimming ashore, and then made his way home. He was so weak that he had to crawl rather than walk, and so afraid of being retaken prisoner that he hid by day and traveled by night. As the story goes, he died after his return, from the treatment he had received while a prisoner.

Boadicea (born May 4, 1775) was married before mother was born [*sic?* 1775–1788] to a man named Hatch, and lived somewhere near Rome, N. Y.

Alanson (born Jan. 25, 1777) was a merchant in Boston. He retired from business and moved to Derry, N. H., where he died, leaving two sons, Alanson and William, and four daughters. All of his children married. Susan married W. R. P. Washburn; Lucy, whose first husband was a Morris and second Judge Savage of Omaha, had one son; Elizabeth was Mrs. Daniel McGregor, whose husband was Mr. McGregor Adams' uncle; Helen the youngest, was married to a Mr. Radcliffe, and died leaving two daughters. I don't know anything about the Radcliffes. They went to France — probably are now living in France (Paris). That ends uncle Alanson's family.

Lucy (born April 26, 1779) married a man by the name of Jaquith, and one of her sons was living in Peoria.

Zelotes (born April 19, 1781) was married and lived South, on the Mississippi. I have seen Uncle Zelotes, but I don't know anything about his family. I think he lived and died in the state of Louisiana.

Nathaniel (born Sept. 9, 1783) married a Miss Kittell (I don't remember what her first name was) and had six children — three sons and three daughters. Nathaniel, the oldest

son, unmarried, was a doctor, and lived and died in Peoria, Ill. Henry married, lived in Chicago, and died there; no children. Martin married and had children. He died: I don't know when. I don't know what became of them. Eleanor married John Hubbard — no relation to us — who died and left her two children, a son and daughter. I think Louise married a Mr. Harding, and lived and died at Exeter, N. H. Eliza died unmarried.

Serena, your grandmother, was born April 17, 1788, and married young to Ahira Hubbard of Windsor, Vt.; they had three sons, two of whom died in Windsor, and five daughters: Henry, Paulina, Harriet, Eliza, Ellen Maria (your beloved mother), and myself.

Paulina (born July 21, 1790) was the youngest of grandmother's family. She married Abiel Washburn, whose father was old General Washburn of Middleboro.

The children of Aunt Washburn were:

Mary, the eldest, who married Gideon Nye, a China merchant, one of old Captain Nye's sons of New Bedford. She lost her only child.

Edward, who was the only son, a handsome, lovable boy, used to spend some of his summer vacations in Middleboro at his grandfather's, the old General's, and always preferred visiting at our house. So in our younger days we

saw him often. He was long rector of Calvary Episcopal Church, New York.

Paulina, the next child, married a Mr. George Monroe. They came West for a time, I think to Cleveland, but went back to the East.

Margie married a man by the name of Watson.

Frances married Louis Hopkins of Northampton, and had five sons and one daughter. Two or three of the sons are dead. One is a professor at Yale, and another a doctor. The daughter married a German, Dr. Ehrhardt Messmer, whom she met in Europe, and I think lives there now. Cousin Fannie Hopkins died a few years since. Lucy Jane and Ellen, both unmarried, died young.

George Washburn, the president of Robert College, Constantinople, was a son of old General Washburn's son Philander; his mother was Elizabeth Holmes of Boston and a very sweet woman, decidedly religious. She entered warmly into the Temperance movement in about 1834, I think, and when George was a baby signed the Temperance pledge for him.

A cousin of mine, Susan Tucker, married another son of the old General's, named William. Another son, and brother of my Uncle Washburn, was George, whose death and funeral were among my first recollections.

I have written more about these remote branches of the family than I otherwise should

have done, as sometime you may meet some of the descendants, and you will perhaps like to know the relationship.

The Hubbard Family.

I begin now on the Hubbard ancestors, having read the Hubbard history compiled by Edward M. Day, whose wife was a Hubbard and who felt called upon to write out one thousand years of Hubbard history — for his own benefit, I suppose; certainly not for that of the Hubbards unless his account of others is more correct than that of *our* branch, which is full of mistakes and blunders. We had a tree with many branches and much fruit compiled for your uncle by Mr. Edwin Hubbard, which cost about $150; but it was destroyed in the Chicago fire, with many other and more valuable records. But I will briefly tell what I have heard and know about our immediate relatives on the Hubbard side.

My grandfather, George Hubbard, was born in Connecticut, and lived in Guilford, Conn., married Thankful Hatch, and had a large family: Calvin, born in 1761; Chloe, in 1763; George, 1765; Jonathan Hatch, (?); Isaac, 1770 (he was Charlotte Long's grandfather); Elizur, born in 1775, the father of Gurdon S. Hubbard; Ahira, 1779, my father; and Pamela, who was never married and died of consumption before she was thirty.

Calvin Hubbard, oldest son of grandfather,

was a good man, and lived to be very old. It is said that he voted at every presidential election from Washington down to Franklin Pierce, and died when he was over ninety years old, soon after walking about three miles to St. Alban's to deposit his vote for Pierce. If he had lived longer he might have suffered the mortification of having thrown his vote away on such a nonentity and worse.[1] I had a photograph of this much beloved uncle that was destroyed in the Chicago fire. I knew his son, Calvin Hubbard, a physician of Springfield, Vt., and his cousin, Dr. Tyler Hubbard, son of Uncle George. Of the daughters of Calvin, I never heard much excepting that they were very tall and had finely shaped hands and feet. What they did with these beautiful members I never knew. I suppose they walked and worked like the rest of us. There were two sons, Josiah and Horace.

George, grandfather's second son (Fanny Marsh's and Carrie Hubbard's grandfather), was born in 1765; he entered the Revolutionary army with his father. Grandfather, being an officer, was allowed a waiter, and as Calvin was averse to going, he took George with him to serve in that capacity. The little fellow, but twelve years old, was reared amidst the

[1] Carrie Hubbard told me that a letter of Pierce's to Jeff Davis was published in which he said that a great many at the North would go with them.

stirring scenes of the Revolution, for during the entire war of seven and a half years he was at home but once. On account of ill health grandfather was obliged to withdraw from the army before the close of the war, but George remained and eventually became a drummer-boy. He was one of the drum corps which was present at the execution of Major André, and he was also with those soldiers who suffered the severe winter at Valley Forge, and was a participant in many scenes which form a part of our nation's history. He was a handsome man, very erect, preserving his military bearing to the end of his life. George was of a religious family, but seemed to lose his religion in the army. He never cared much about it after that. He was an elegant looking man, having fine manners and being very generous-hearted. I never saw him. He read Tom Paine and French infidel books until he lost his faith. At the close of the war he received a tract of bounty land for his services. This land was located in the far-off country of Ohio. He proceeded to sell it as speedily as possible, receiving therefor a small sum of depreciated Continental money. To-day Marietta, Ohio, occupies a site upon this tract. Had he not been so eager to dispose of the land, it doubtless would have been far better for some of his numerous impecunious descendants. He did not understand real-estate deals, alas!

Uncle George married and lived in Weathersfield, Vt., on the opposite side of the Connecticut River from grandfather's home, which was in Claremont, N. H. His family consisted of five children: Henry, Fannie, Orin, Mehitable, and Tyler. Henry Hubbard married and lived in Ipswich, Mass., for many years, then moved to Claremont, N. H., near grandfather's home. He had seven children, two by his first wife and five by his second, all of whom are dead but a son living in Boston, and Carrie Hubbard[1] of Berwyn, whom your uncle used to call his "beautiful cousin." She certainly was a beauty and finely educated, and withal was a noble, unselfish woman. Uncle George's eldest daughter, Fannie Hubbard, for whom Cousin Fannie Marsh[1] was named, was very handsome and it is said that Cousin Fannie resembled her Aunt Fannie very closely. Fannie Hubbard married Mr. Marsh. After her death Mr. Marsh married her sister, Mehitable, who was the mother of Cousin Fannie Marsh. Mehitable was very good and very plain looking while Cousin Fannie was an extremely elegant, handsome, and accomplished woman. Mehitable had four children. John, the eldest, resembled Cousin Fannie Marsh, his sister, and was a person of handsome presence and great charm of manner. He died at twenty-five. Sarah Marsh, the second daughter, is

[1] Now deceased.

Mrs. Patch and resides in Tennessee. George Hubbard Marsh died immediately after leaving college. Of the family of Orin Hubbard, the second son of Uncle George, I know but little. He lived in Lebanon, N. H. I think the children are all dead, but the descendants are living in different parts of the country. Dr. Tyler Hubbard, the youngest of Uncle George's family, resided in East Lebanon, N. H. He was a physician of ability, a cultivated man, of pleasing address, gentle, and beloved by everyone. He had four children, all of whom, I think, are dead except Mrs. Eldredge of New York.

Uncle *Jonathan Hatch*, commonly called by us Uncle Hatch, was a judge and member of Congress; I think a finely cultivated man. He built and lived in the house in Windsor, Vt., where you called to see his grandson, William Fullerton. You thought he was embarrassed, fearing you had come to visit him, but afterwards ascertained that his wife was crazy at the time, so I suppose he was not prepared to entertain company. Uncle Hatch was extremely fond of flowers, and made a specialty of roses. I have heard that he was very absent-minded and would leave his dinner table and distinguished guests and walk out into his rose-garden. His wife was a fine housekeeper and a careful woman, as she had need to be. To illustrate: on one occasion when he was off on his circuit, she gave him

special orders to bring home his shirts, about four of them. On his return not one of them was to be found in his bag, but when he retired at night, lo and behold! he had the four on. After he was elected to Congress they arranged with my father and mother to take their house at Windsor for the time of his absence, and board his wife and daughter Maria. My brother Henry was born in that house at Windsor — Uncle Hatch's house — and I presume that now the same paper is on the walls as was there then, for they showed it to me at least fifty years after his birth as being the same. That on the wide main hall was a landscape paper, probably "a parrot, a poppy, and a shepherdess," as the old story goes. Mother loved her brother Hatch very much, and his daughter Maria, who married Mr. Fullerton and who was a lovely, highly educated woman. She married the Fullerton man, who was wholly unworthy of her, against the wishes of her parents. She was the pride of the relatives. Your mother was named Maria for her.

Uncle had a large beautiful house and grounds at Windsor, and after he died Fullerton married Maria and took possession. He was so stingy he restricted her with the money, when it was her own. He made the remark about Uncle Hatch's widow, that he did not think she would ever die; she was as tough as his halter.

Grandfather's fourth son, *Isaac*, was a farmer. His father gave him much land and the new house which he built for himself but never lived in. It is the house where you called to see Charlotte Long and her brother. One of his daughters, Caroline, married Captain Long. She was very nice. Uncle Isaac's first wife died, and he married again; by this marriage he had three sons: Amos, Charles, and Isaac, and one daughter, who married Dr. Clapp, an Episcopal minister of Bellows Falls. We visited them there. He was a simple-hearted clergyman, and she was a kind woman. She died only a couple of years ago, and was the oldest survivor of the grandchildren except our family.

Dr. Isaac Hubbard, son of Uncle Isaac, was a very fine man and an Episcopal clergyman. He died suddenly. After preaching, he was coming home in the sleigh with his wife and child. He sat in the back seat with his wife; and feeling faint and oppressed, he leaned his head on her and died. He left perhaps three children. I don't know what has become of them.

Cousin Amos came out not long after to Canada, and settled in Detroit. He was a florist and sold trees and plants, and had beautiful flowers and greenhouses. He bought a great deal of land out of the city, and as the city grew he sold off the land, gave up the greenhouses, and became rich. He was a

devout Episcopalian, and died at the age of thirty. His widow married his partner, Mr. Davis, who had been living with them. After her husband's death she did not want him there, so they divided the property and he moved away. But he was so unhappy and miserable that she took pity on him and married him, and he went to live with her. He was very good to her, but she did not seem to care much for him. She was a good deal smarter than he. She was engaged to Cousin Amos when very young, and was devoted to him. She was a good woman.

Next came *Elizur*, Gurdon's father, who married Abigail Sage of the renowned Sage family of Middletown, Conn. He was a lawyer, and an amiable, pleasant man, I think; but unfortunately he went into business in Windsor and, during the War of 1812, became a bankrupt. Afterwards he moved with his family to Montreal, intending to practice law; but when there he found that before he could be admitted to the bar he must reside there several years and take the oath of allegiance to the Crown. Meanwhile he earned something in offices and his wife took boarders; and Gurdon, being the first son and sympathizing with his parents, became a clerk in a hardware store with low wages, turning over a small amount to the family support. When he was between fifteen and sixteen, he went into the employ of the American Fur Company, with

headquarters at Mackinac. His father received an appointment as United States District Judge for Arkansas Territory. He took his other son, Christopher, with him, and leaving Christopher at his boarding-house, went out to his judicial duties, was taken with yellow fever, and died. None of his family was able to find his burial place. Christopher was out there nearly a year before they could get him back to New England, so few facilities for traveling were then to be found. He was finally taken to New Orleans, and from there to New York. I think he was not twelve years old. Besides Gurdon and Christopher, there were four other children: Elizabeth, unmarried; Mary, married to Dr. Clark, whose two daughters were brought up by us; Abby, who married Dr. Castleman; and Hannah, who married Mr. Jackson of Middletown, Conn. Mrs. Castleman left two daughters, and Mrs. Jackson left three daughters[1] and two sons.

Elizabeth, who never married and lived to a good old age, was supported many years by her brother Gurdon. Mary, who married Dr. Wm. Clark, lived in Milwaukee. She was left a widow young and was called quite handsome; she was always an invalid and was supported by her brother. We brought up her two daughters, as their mother could

[1]Two of Mrs. Jackson's daughters died before their mother.

not take proper care of them. They grew up lovely Christian girls, and both, after serving God faithfully, were taken to a better Home above.

Next to Elizur was my father, *Ahira*, born in Tolland, Conn., who was the sixth son,[1] according to my reckoning, but he always said that he was the seventh son.

The mother of these children, my grandmother Hubbard, was a remarkable woman, and managed her large family with discretion. She was greatly beloved by her children, and her memory was so precious that my mother was warned never to speak of her death to my father, it affected him so. I have heard that when the war drew near its close, grandfather directed his wife to take a quantity of old Continental currency (forty or fifty dollars of which was worth about one, and was the only kind in circulation except Mexican and foreign silver dollars) and, with her servant, to go to all the towns and farms around and buy whatever they would sell—wagons, stock, utensils, feather beds, etc.—which she did; and at the close of the war, the caravan—sons, daughters, servants, and things—went to the neighborhood of what is now Springfield, Vt., and Claremont, N. H.

Grandfather built a house of logs in Claremont, kept a tavern there, and took up large

[1] In another place Elizur is called the fifth son,—Isaac being the fourth.

tracts of government land. I suppose he paid for them with soldiers' warrants. This land he divided among his sons as they grew up and settled down, but my father and Elizur did not inherit any of it. Uncle Isaac persuaded his father that if he gave the other sons land they would sell it and leave home; so Isaac got more than his share. He had a beautiful farm on both sides of the Connecticut River and an island in the river. Grandfather built a fine, large colonial house which he gave to Isaac, who was a disagreeable old thing. He was very close and his family did not like him; but I don't want to remember his faults. I had a photo of him — it was the crossest I ever saw. Your sister Lila looked at it and said, "Who is this?" She was told (in fun) that it was her father. She did not like it, and said, "Well, maybe it was taken for him when he was old." I never saw any of the uncles except Isaac.

To go back to my father: If he was the seventh son, one of his brothers must have died unmarried. He was a merchant living at one time in Newark, N. J., but after his mother's death he went to live in Windsor, Vt., where he had a store. He used to buy goods of mother's brothers, who had stores in Boston, and was invited to dine at their houses.

Except for his broken nose, he would have been a very handsome man. When he was a

boy, some men cutting trees on a hill allowed one to roll over him and broke his nose; but it was not very bad. He used to wear his hair, which was very long and fine, in a pigtail queue with bows down the back. He wore long silk stockings (which he himself darned; and he did beautiful work) and shoe buckles. The family had the knee buckles since I remember. He presented his queue to mother through his sister Pamela: it was heavy and long and, like mine, a reddish brown. Mother burned it up and afterwards wished she had not done so. Mother had dark auburn hair when young, lighter than Ellen's—redder; Paulina, jet black hair and eyebrows.

Father was highly educated and a great mathematician. He had not studied surveying, but did that for people, and also taught mathematics. He was an excellent man—a loving, kind father and an indulgent husband. He acted as though he thought he was not good enough for his wife, and I never heard him speak a cross word to her. He always called her "My dear," and always said, "Children, where is your mother?" if she was not in sight when he came in. It seems to me that he must have had great mechanical talent, as he could make anything or do anything.

He married mother in Boston, at her brother Beza's house, and their journey to Windsor took several days. Not long after,

he moved into my uncle Hatch's house; and when Uncle Hatch went to Congress, father took his wife and daughter to board.

They lived in Windsor until about 1815; but during the war of 1812 the Embargo was fatal to business, and father lost his money and failed. In the meantime mother's mother had become partially paralyzed, and, all her family having married, she was left alone in a large, old-fashioned double house, with a man and his wife in part of the house to take care of her and another woman living with her as companion and friend. As her family did not wish her to live in that way, and as my parents were better able to leave their home than any others of the family, they left Windsor and came to Middleboro, bringing with them their three children, Henry, Paulina and Harriet. They moved into grandmother's house, where they lived until she died.

The house had a hall through the middle, with large rooms opening into it, and stood back from the street with trees in front — butternut, I think.

My uncles, mother's brothers, were rich for those days, and wanted to set father up in business again, but he was discouraged by his misfortunes and declined. However, they bought him a little farm of sixty acres, on which he lived until he came to Chicago. Mother's brothers and some of their children

were very fond of her and very kind to us, her children.

The Middleboro home.

We had a pleasant home, with trees and flowers in abundance. The country was very hilly where we lived, and our house was high with a sloping garden at the east, with terraces. The house was a story and a half high, and stood back from the road, with a white fence around the yard, the front door at the side and the gable end fronting the street. Over the door was a hatchment marked by figures cut into it—"1772"; the rear front entrance opened into a garden terraced and cultivated. There was a large flat stone for the doorstep, which was a favorite place where sister Harriet used to sit and eat her basin of bread and milk. She was very fond of all animals. Once when mother heard her talking, she went to find her companion, and it was a snake with whom she was sharing her frugal meal. A hollow place in the stone made a convenient niche into which she dipped milk with her spoon, and his snakeship ate or drank it, she spatting his head with her spoon when she thought him too voracious. She was about four years old then. On another occasion mother's attention was called to Harriet, and, looking out of the window, she saw her seated on the head of one of the cows, between the horns, feet towards the eyes and nose, with a bunch

of hay in her hand, which she was feeding to the cow by wisps, the cow reaching out her tongue very long to take it in and both seemingly quite contented.

This dear sister was my idol in my childhood, and in fact as long as she lived. She was six years older than I.

Our garden sloped quite steeply to a small brook in the meadow below, and part of this garden was devoted to growing peaches in great variety. Father was a very successful horticulturist and got the finest varieties of fruit, which he grafted and budded, and raised peaches when no one else could, so that we had a succession of fruit from early spring until late in the fall.

Our home was called "The Peach Orchard," because it was the only place around there where they were raised. On these terraces were peach trees with fruit very large and fine, of which we had abundance for ourselves and quantities to give away. I have seen farmers come to the road side of the peach orchard and carry off in their wagons as many as they chose. Indeed, I have a faint recollection of hearing that when they could not eat them all they fed them to their pigs. That pigs like peaches I can testify, for once, in visiting my cousin, Mr. Bates, in later years, I heard of his picking up fallen peaches and giving them to his pigs, who would eat the pulp and spit out the stones.

On the sloping roof of our house there was a spreading peach tree of the Crawford variety, growing as if trained there and bearing luscious fruit; which, as we lay in our bed, we could sometimes hear breaking from the stem and rolling down the roof. In the morning we would go out and search for them in the grass.

I remember that before spring came, in the latter part of the winter, father used to pack snow around each tree, and I think water was poured over it, making a circle perhaps nine feet in diameter. Then he put straw and boards over the packed snow and ice and allowed them to remain until the season for frost had passed. Then, the straw and board being removed, the sun soon settled the snow, and the sap began to flow. Perhaps being on a hillside may have helped the icy water to run off instead of penetrating the ground.

We did not know about drying peaches, although about the time of our leaving somebody told mother about eating dried peaches. She tried a few, paring and stoning them and spreading them on tables in the sun. The result was that those rich, juicy peaches melted down and all ran together and were useless; had she known that the skins should remain on, the result would have been more satisfactory.

We had apples all the year round in the cellar, and sometimes in summer we dried them.

There were some trees not far from the house which gave us very fine apples late in the season, even after most of the leaves had fallen. I have never seen any apples that resembled them. The skin was mottled green, and I think sometimes there was a blush of red on one side. They were not very large, but on the inside were quite white and very juicy. At the back of the house there were two trees of greening apples, which always bore very plentifully, and across the stone wall beyond the house was a very fine young orchard in bearing when we left. It looked so pretty in blossom. The apples would come on early in the spring, before those left from the year before had spoiled.

Near the foot of the garden walk there were terraces, over which grew very fine grapes, such as we now get from California. Some were fine white grapes of different varieties, which had to be laid down every fall and covered with straw, boards, and earth through the winter. Around the farther side of the garden was a stone wall, so covered with grape vines that it did not show the stones when the grape leaves and stems were green, but looked like some grassy fortification. These grapes were something like our Concords.

Besides these fruit trees and vines, we had pears, a variety of cherries, currants, and raspberries. Strawberries we found in the

meadows, but as far as I remember we had no cultivated ones. The pastures and fields were bordered with huckleberries, both high and low, and checkerberries in spring; some cranberries grew on wild wet land, and many varieties of wild grapes smothered the trees in the fields.

I once attended a "Cattle Show" in Bridgewater, as the Agricultural Fair was called, and saw a great many varieties of native grapes exhibited by a man who had domesticated them; they were very fine — purple, red, and white — as handsome as the California grapes.

Blackberries grew plentifully on the heaps of stones piled up in the open meadows, and it was not much trouble to pick a large milk bucket full if the snakes inhabiting these stone heaps did not drive us away. Once I came near leaning on an adder who was reposing on the top of a wall where wild blackberries grew. I escaped with more speed than I can now from dangerous neighbors. I remember a story told by mother about being over in the pasture with Aunt Washburn when they were girls, and seeing a large black snake showing fight. Mother ran away, but Aunt Washburn seized a rail from a fence and attacked the reptile and killed it, when immediately a large number of infant snakes ran out of the mouth of their maternal defender and wriggled off in every direction. Some were destroyed, others escaped. I felt sorry

for the mother, who had swallowed her helpless infants in order to save them. I never knew any one to be bitten by snakes, though we often saw them; there were no rattlesnakes.

We were all very fond of flowers, and had quantities of lilacs, lilies, roses, etc. There were long borders of flowers on each side of the walk from the front gate to the house, and in the spring they were so gay with varieties of tulips, daffodils, etc., that people driving by in their chaises would almost always stop and push their heads out to look at them. These bulbs were, I think, imported from Holland, and were quite uncommon in Middleboro, our Boston relatives having presented them to us. The "quality" used to ride in one-horse chaises.

The country was very hilly and abounded in rocks. I remember one in an open field at the back of the house which was as large as an automobile. We children named it "Plymouth Rock," and on a hot day we were glad to flee to the shelter of a rock in a weary land.

We always had one or two horses and about three cows and plenty of hens and chickens. Once father undertook to raise some imported sheep, as there was a craze about the long wool of these valuable merino fleeces; but it was soon discovered that there was no machinery in the mills for making use of this kind of wool, so that sheep raising was not a success, except as we children inherited a little lamb

for a pet after its ancestor was turned into mutton. It was not a very profitable investment. It was like the *morus multicaulis* rage later, when many people invested in *morus multicaulis* with a view to raising silkworms.

We used to have hulled corn made before an open fireplace. The hearth was swept clean and a fire made of corn cobs. The ashes were taken and put into a bag in a kettle of water with kernels of yellow corn, and boiled until the hulls came to the top; then the corn was taken out and washed in many waters. It was very different from what we have now, I think. I guess it was sweeter. We also made samp. We carried the corn to the mill and had it ground as coarse as we wanted it.

My first recollection is of going to the funeral of George Washburn. I was, I think, about five years old. My youngest sister, Eliza, was a year younger than I. She was angry because she was not allowed to go to the funeral, and she stamped her foot and said, "You shan't go to my funeral," and I said, "Yes, I shall." She replied, "No, you shan't, for I'll jump into my grave first." My father and I were the only ones of our family who attended her funeral, in Iowa, when she was twenty.

Another of my early recollections was of seeing my father walking up and down the room in great agony of mind because of the

act of Congress allowing foreigners to vote. It was before there were many emigrants to this country, but he anticipated the trouble that it would make in permitting these uneducated men, unacquainted with the situation and the laws, to have a voice in making the laws. I remember he said, "This is the rock on which our country will split." There were then few foreigners, for I never had seen one until I was fifteen years old, to my knowledge, and but one colored person.

The Congregational Church which we attended was about three miles from our house, built on a high place and a good specimen of a Puritan church — large, square, with pillars and a broad platform across the front, to which we ascended by several steps, and crossing, entered an inside vestibule with two great stoves for cold weather, long enough to take in cordwood when it was the fashion for wood to be cut eight feet long.

These stoves made huge piles of coals, which were utilized for re-filling the foot-stoves used by most of the church-goers in cold weather. At the back of the church were sheds for horses and carriages. The church was very strongly built, with huge oak beams, painted dull red, and a large sounding board over the pulpit, which, when I was a child, I imagined to be a huge tank for water, and reached by these big beams, which went round the wall about on a level with it. The nimble-footed

water carriers were not in evidence—probably imaginary.

Opposite the high pulpit there was a gallery. I think this was built over the vestibule and opened into the church proper. I have no recollection of any choir, as I had no ear for music, although I always had a great longing to be able to sing. But as the fashion in those days was for no one to be taught singing unless they were singers by nature, I never learned. One winter my indulgent father took pains to take me to a singing school in the church. I was set to singing "Watchman, tell of us the night" and "Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish," the latter being peculiarly appropriate to my case. I remember a hymn sung to the tune of Beddome, beginning with

> This is the word of truth and love
> Sent to the nations from above;
> Jehovah here resolves to show
> What His almighty grace can do.

I was too frightened to sing the words, and generally came in on the last two words of the verse "can do." I remember this because it was so often quoted in the family to me; it was very inappropriate, because *singing* was the thing I *couldn't do.*

To resume my description: The church had a center aisle leading from the front door to the pulpit, and a cross aisle by which access

was gained to a range of large square pews against the wall, with occasional windows opening into the vestibule. Our pew, which we used in common with Uncle Andrew, Mrs. Bates's father, was quite large—seats on four sides with one narrow door, a sort of enclosure with a table in the middle and a chair on each side of it. The seats were hinged, and were turned up in prayer time, when most of the people stood with their backs to the table and heads bowed reverently on the top rail of the lattice, five or six feet high, surrounding the pews. I remember once when father stood in the corner, where there was a heavy oak beam against the wall, a mouse ran down the beam, probably having smelt the lunch of doughnuts and cheese in his coat pocket, and seated himself on the lunch in the outside pocket of father's coat, helping himself to the doughnuts and cheese, to the great amusement of the children of the family.

At the conclusion of the long prayer, there was a general clapping down of the seats and a rustle of people seating themselves to listen to the sermon which followed. In the body of the church there were several intricate narrow aisles with sharp turns to the pew entrances. One almost needed a ball of twine to use as a clue for finding the way to those inside pews. The service began at ten A. M., and a recess of an hour gave time for lunch and rest before the afternoon session began. In summer, the

church-goers often went down the hill, across the sandy road into the cemetery, and seated themselves in the shade to eat their lunch. I do not remember any Sunday school while we worshiped in the old church.

The church had a bell, and as it stood very high the tones were heard at a distance. I remember once when a lady, a friend of mother's whose school I had attended, was very sick, the ringing of the bell was distinctly heard at our house, and father went out to listen to the strokes when it tolled, and came back saying, "Abby Sturtevant is dead." The tolling bell told her age. I suppose the wind was in the right direction to carry the sound to us.

After a time the progressive element in the society began to feel that we needed a new church, and one was built on the hill, a short distance from the old one, with a chapel in the rear for Sabbath school purposes. The new church was modern and more comfortable than the old one, but as it seems to me now, the church people were divided in their opinions — the old church was sold against the wishes of the old members for a very small sum, and pulled down, when it ought to have been kept as a relic. The new one was up-to-date, with a broad aisle, cushioned pews, large windows, and a pretentious pulpit, with a large arched window at the back draped with heavy red damask, fastened back with

heavy cords and great gilded fasteners as large as tea saucers.

With the new church came dissatisfaction with the old minister. The church was divided in its opinion about him. I think the most aristocratic element was in his favor; some of the dissatisfied ones found fault with the more wealthy, who had the best pews, and some of them made invidious remarks. There were about six families, the Eddys, the Washburns, a number of others whose names I have forgotten, and our family, who were on the minister's side. The opposing element called the first the "corn-fed Eddys." (I think the name was chosen in reference to the pigs and other animals whose owners were careful of their high bred stock and kept them up, feeding them instead of letting them roam about and pick up their own feed. I remember that uncle Andrew Tucker had a pigpen with a boarded floor, which was kept washed by the hired man, and clean water given them to drink, and they were fed on corn.) The Eddys, having heard of this new title, came to church bringing for their noon lunch ears of boiled sweet corn, which they ate from the cob with great dignity while sitting in their fine pews.

It was customary, when a death occurred among the friends, to "put up a note," as they called it, on Sabbath morning, in which would be written a request for prayers. This folded

paper was laid on the desk by the sexton and would read after this fashion: "Mr. Andrew Tucker desires prayers that the death of his brother Nathaniel may be sanctified to the spiritual good of their families and friends."

At such a time it was deemed necessary for the whole family to wear some badge of mourning to church; but on the occasion of this uncle's death the news came so late in the day that they had some trouble to provide the necessary mourning. Mrs. Bates said that when they came to her they were quite puzzled what to do. Her headgear that winter was the calash she had worn in the summer, made warm with rolls of cotton batting which formed large puffs between the reeds, and lined with pink cambric.

The family council finally decided that, as she was a child (only five or six years old), some black strings on this hood would be sufficient; and in this mourning she appeared at church the next morning.

One time some one whose bump of reverence was deficient put up a note which the minister unfolded and began to read. It ran thus:

"Desire Morse desires prayers
For falling down Life Woodman's stairs;
She broke no bones, but bruised the meat
Which neither dogs nor wolves would eat."

Desire Morse was a poor woman, rather deficient mentally, who used to go out working

by the day. She became interested in foreign missions, and thought to give twenty-five cents a year, which was a large sum for her. The lady officials of the society, fearing that their results would be small, made a rule that all who gave fifty cents a year might meet at Sproat's tavern and walk in procession to the church; so Desire doubled her subscription and said she thought she would give fifty cents and "walk in the procession." This practical observation was often made in our family; when persons gave from a desire for notice, such cases were held up to us for a warning or an example.

The church was also used for calling the intentions of marriage. After the close of service, and as the people were dispersing, the clerk arose in the gallery and announced that certain parties, as Alfred Smith and Lucy Long, were intending matrimony. I think they had to be cried at three successive meetings. This was instead of a license.

In summer there were neighborhood prayer meetings at six o'clock. The one nearest to us was probably half a mile distant. The notice from the pulpit was read thus: "There will be a prayer meeting at the Red Schoolhouse, nigh General Washburn's, at early candle-lighting." I remember going; the people assembled carried their own candles.

I suppose there was a word of exhortation, some Bible reading, and singing, with prayers

by different persons who were asked by the leader to pray. The only one I remember was old Deacon Wilder, a good old man, gray-haired, with a red face and a red bandanna handkerchief with which he mopped his red face and wiped his flowing tears, for he always wept when he prayed. He also stammered when he prayed, and between the stammering and the weeping he was like the man whom Paul tells of, who really gave thanks well, but the hearers were not edified. How happy he must have been these many years when the stammering tongue has been unloosed and God has wiped away his tears. Contrast him with the late Mr.***, so praised and honored because he left one hundred millions which he could not take, and had not sent on before!

After the new church was built we had a Sabbath school in the building at the rear, and one summer we attended a private week-day school there. The teacher was a Miss Chamberlain. As we had been taught mostly at home by our father and older sister, we were more advanced than most of the girls of our ages, and they did not like us very well. I suppose we put on airs of superiority unsuited to our years, as most of the girls were older.

There was a Baptist Church in Middleboro, at the Four Corners, and an academy called the "Pierce Academy for Young Men and Maidens." It was quite popular and, I think,

fairly good. I attended there part of one year, boarding from Monday till Friday evening. I think that Saturday was a holiday. My chief trouble while there was being obliged to read my compositions aloud. There was one girl of my age called Judith Pierce; she was a delicate looking girl, and I admired and, I fear, envied her perfect self-possession and dignity when she stood up and read her composition so comfortably. My best friends there were some Quaker girls from New Bedford by the name of Leonard.

We used to have a set of Scott's Bible—six volumes; I think the first edition published in this country. The names of a few prominent men who had guaranteed the work were on the back page of the last volume, and my uncle Beza Tucker was among them. I think he presented mother with the set. After I was married, we had some of the volumes of Scott's, larger and not so well bound as mother's, and she presented hers to my sister-in-law, Mrs. Castleman. Father used to read in them very often and was especially interested in the prophetical works, and had his own ideas of the meaning of the prophecies of Daniel and other writers. He used to teach us our Sabbath-school lessons out of Scott. The lesson book which we used to have had two sets of notes on the text for different students and some practical observations on the chapter and were of great use to

us, as we never had such lesson helps as our young people enjoy nowadays.

Books of current literature, magazines, and story books were scarce and were read and re-read by us with great avidity. Old standard works of Milton, Young, Pollock, and such writers, with some of Scott's poetical works, as "Lady of the Lake," were learned by heart, and also some of Mrs. Hemans'; so that now I can repeat those poets which we used to know. Mrs. Opie's "Illustrations on Lying" had more truth than poetry.

In our Sabbath school we had but few suitable books. I remember "Little Henry and his Bearer," and "The Waldenses and Albigenses." We had no children's Sunday school papers and few religious books — some old, heavy volumes left by grandmother Tucker, such as "Hall's Contemplations," which, in trying to keep the Sabbath properly, I vainly tried to read on the Sabbath, but with a very stupefying effect. "Anna Ross," a story of an English girl whose father was killed in the battle of Waterloo, was our own, presented by Mrs. Eaton, our pastor's wife. I think she was our Sabbath-school teacher. I recall the pictures in this book and think they must have been hideously colored — red cheeks, blue eyes, brown hair, red dresses, and pantalets.

After a while some of our Boston relations subscribed for a children's magazine called

"The Juvenile Miscellany," and also sent us about eight volumes of stories illustrating the Beatitudes. These cherished treasures we were allowed to keep in the right-hand closet of the old sideboard of my grandmother's, now in my dining room [left to Harry Hamilton]; while in the drawer above we had a doll's house, where about twelve solemn-visaged, jointed dolls of various sizes, sorts and conditions made their abode; the larger ones faithfully embracing their small charges day after day and through sleepless nights with unvarying patience. All their housekeeping utensils were also under their immediate inspection and care from year to year, few of them ever changing places or being used on common occasions. I was eight when I gave up dolls and their appurtenances. I remember it because it was the winter of your blessed mother's arrival, and a real *baby sister* filled the place of the jointed wooden imitations.

When quite young, I learned to knit and many a long-legged blue or gray yarn sock for father was the result of my nimble fingers. My task was sixty times round each day; and if we were to take a holiday I made up the "stint," either before or after the occasion. I could knit and read, which made the task lighter. We had regular school hours.

The Story of Mary Nye.

General Washburn was a very dignified and unapproachable man, tall and large and seemingly haughty; but I remember one occasion when I was about ten years old, I think, when fear overcame my timidity and I took great liberties.

My young Boston cousins, his grandchildren, were visiting there, and one evening after tea my sister Paulina took Eliza and me to see them. We children went out into the side yard, leaving the elders in the house. Cousin Mary Washburn, afterward Mrs. Nye, suddenly jumped onto the platform of a pump in the yard, saying, "See how I can teeter." In a minute the loose board on which she had jumped tipped over toward the pump and she fell into the well, and I think the board also went down with her. The other children were too frightened to do anything. I started to run into the house and met the General on the side piazza. Throwing my arms around his legs, I exclaimed, "Mary is in the well." A general clamor prevailed, and then Henry ran from the store and was joined by some of the workmen near by. Calling to Mary they found that she was alive, and they then descended into the well, in the center of which was a large hollow shaft. The first one down found that Mary, on coming up from the bottom, had grasped this and was trying to

hang on to the slippery support. The first man to reach her passed her up to one above, and so she was raised to the top, her white dess streaked with the green slime. Brother Henry was one of the rescuers.

Strange to say she was uninjured, though thoroughly wet and frightened. I think she was about twelve and very slender. As soon as the commotion subsided and my sister could leave we all started to walk home, and met my father, who had become frightened at our being out so late. I shall never forget poor Mary's draggled, limp, disheveled look as she was passed up from what might have been her watery grave. When her parents heard of the adventure they immediately sent for her to return, and blamed her friends for their want of care; although, it seemed to me, it was her own fault.

Poor Mary! It would seem that she might have been happier to have ended her life then than to live to be so unhappily married and left childless — worse than a widow. When she was about fifteen, a young man in her father's store by the name of Gideon Nye, became engaged to her with her parents' consent, as he had decided to leave Boston for some place better suited to his ambitious views. At first he went to South America, and from there to Canton, China, and into the tea trade. It must have been about 1832 or 3, before China was so near as it is now.

I think he must have gone around the Cape of Good Hope in a sailing vessel, taking some months to reach his destination; but he prospered in his business and kept up the expectation of returning to claim his bride in five years; which time lengthened out year by year till at last fifteen years had passed.

Mary was an attractive girl and could have married better, but she was true to her promise, and kept in mind of it by his frequent presents of elegant things till the house was like a bazaar; still he came not. At last her parents took the matter into their own hands and broke off the engagement; then Mr. Nye found that he *could* leave for Boston, and he arrived home, leaving his extensive business in care of his brother and proposing not to return to China. The engagement was renewed, they were married, and I think went to Europe.

When they returned they went to housekeeping in elegant style in New York. A sister of Mary's went to spend the winter with them and died; others of the Washburn family married and settled, some in New York.

Then news came that the Mr. Nye in China was lost, and the business left without care. It was said that he had embarked to go by sea to some place not far off, and nothing was ever heard of the vessel or crew. It was supposed that they had been attacked by the Malay pirates and all killed, and the vessel taken

possession of. This necessitated Mr. Nye's returning to settle matters, and his wife and child were left in their splendor. He expected to come back to them, but never did.

After a time their house was disposed of and Mrs. Nye started with her brother on that long voyage to China. As it was after we left our eastern home, I am not sure how long cousin Mary was in China; but she came back, leaving her husband, as the climate affected her very unfavorably. She went a second time with some missionaries, but did not stay long, on account of her health.

Meanwhile her parents had removed to Middleboro with their youngest daughter, and I think that Mary and the little girl had their home there; although, when the child was about twelve she was placed in the celebrated school of which Miss Haines was principal; and there she contracted scarlet fever and died.

It was some years after this that my Aunt Washburn and Mary came out here to visit your grandmother and cousins. I think it was probably in 1871 [1868, C. S. H.]. Uncle Washburn had died. Their youngest daughter, Margaret, married to a Mr. Munroe, had also died and my aunt had given up her home at the old General Washburn place and was living with Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hopkins, [Frances Washburn,] in Bridgewater, Mass.

Edward Washburn was a much esteemed

Episcopal rector, and was settled at Hartford, Conn., at Philadelphia, and later in New York, where he died, leaving a widow and one daughter. The widow sent me a volume of poems by her husband after his death, but I do not know whether she or the daughter are living. I am sure that all my Washburn cousins are gone.

Cousin Edward was one of the revisers of the New Testament. He was converted in a revival in the Park Street Church in Boston when he was about fourteen years old. Afterwards he came under the influence of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and the family feared that he would adopt the theories of the transcendentalists; but he did not, and I think he was a good Christian man and a very lovable one.

When he was in Philadelphia, the Colt family of revolver fame lived there, and one of them committed suicide. Their rector refused to attend the funeral and Mr. Washburn was asked if he would. He replied: "Certainly; the funeral services are not for the dead, but for the benefit and comfort of the living." The family were so pleased with him that they left the church which they had been attending and came to his.

He died when quite young of a disease contracted in his study, which was in the basement of his church in New York. The doctors were puzzled as to what ailed him, but after his death it was found that the gas from the

sewer under his study had poisoned his system.

I have heard that after his death his friends gathered in a room and spoke of his beautiful character and told how much they had loved him, when a voice — the voice of his wife — came from the back part of the room: "If you loved Edward so much, why didn't you tell *him* so?"

Brother and Sisters.

Our family consisted of one brother, Henry, the oldest, an only son and the idol of all; although mother used to say that her one boy had caused her more care and anxiety than her five girls — not that he had any bad habits, but he probably was somewhat selfish and self-willed from being the only boy. He was well-looking, blue-eyed, and with good features, and I think rather handsome, witty, bright, and popular.

The next one, about one year younger, was sister Paulina, very fine looking, with a splendid figure, satiny black hair and eye-brows, black eyes and good features — a girl of fine mind and ability. When only thirteen she taught a little school in the house, having thirteen pupils — neighbors' children and her younger sisters, Eliza and me. She was well educated, wrote beautiful letters, could do all sorts of sewing and needlework, and I think was a favorite in society. I was ten years

younger and felt very inferior. She used to travel a good deal more than the rest of the family, visiting our Vermont and Connecticut relatives, and finally going with a cousin of ours, then living in Connecticut, Mrs. Nash, to the island of Santa Cruz for the winter, where she had quite a romantic and interesting experience, related in another place. She married Mr. Tinkham, Alice's father, in 1835, and died in a little over a year. It was the first death in our family and a most terrible calamity to us all, as it was very sudden. She was living in Maine, near Bangor, and had arranged to board till spring, and then was expecting me to go and stay with her while our parents and my younger sisters removed to Chicago.

My next sister, Harriet, and my brother were then living here; my sister having married Mr. Hamilton. I had not been consulted in the plan of going to Maine, and was told of it after her death. Sister Harriet was about four years younger than Paulina and, it now seems to me, an uncommonly lovely girl. She had been sent to a school at Derry, N. H., I think three years. Part of the time, if not all, she lived at our Uncle Alanson's, who had retired from business in Boston and opened a bank, I think in Derry. He had a lovely wife, our Aunt Eliza, and my sister was justly much attached to her and her cousins. The school was fine and the advantages there

great, and the home with kind relatives exceptionally pleasant.

Harriet was six years older than I. When she was about sixteen years old she lost her hair from having measles, and was obliged to have her head shaved three times. She wore a cap a while and then her glossy black curls covered her head, and she was beautiful.

When she was between eighteen and nineteen she came to Chicago, our brother Henry having moved here from Utica, Ind., where he first settled on coming West. He was determined to have one of his sisters visit him here, and she had a very cordial invitation from Mr. Gurdon Hubbard and wife to join them in Middletown and come to Chicago in their party, which she accepted. It was not long before she married Mr. Hamilton, a widower with four children; the oldest a son of about eight, and three little girls younger. I think that Brother Henry boarded at Mr. Hamilton's, and they all seemed very happy.

Harriet was very lovely in looks and character. Mr. Hubbard, as well as others, thought her very beautiful. Her eyes were especially admired, but all her features were sweet and noble. She was about twenty-six when she died of consumption, after having lost two sweet little girls. The first one lived about one year and the other about eighteen months. Henry, her third child, was nearly two years old when he lost his mother.

I was the third daughter, and a very large girl, and very timid and sensitive, much ashamed of being so large for my age and very much given to crying, which gave occasion for ridicule by the various members of the family; all but my father and Harriet seemed to think that *poking fun* at me would be effectual in curing me of my shamefacedness.

I had an idea that I was very homely and stupid and ungainly; I was never at ease with strangers, and, in short, I was too self-centered to be happy. I now think that I would have appeared to better advantage if I had experienced less ridicule about my awkwardness. I remember that when your sister Lila grew so tall for her age her mother did not allow it to be remarked upon, and so she grew up without thinking about herself one way or another.

I will give you an instance of my weeping ways. Sister Paulina, who had what the neighbors called "faculty" and was very successful in her efforts to fix up herself and the rest of the family, on one occasion trimmed up a summer bonnet for me, of white straw and green satin ribbon. A large rosette made of leaf-shaped pieces of the stiff ribbon notched like a leaf adorned the bonnet, and I was dressed and bonneted and sent on an errand to the store. After I had gone a little distance on the grass bordered path I heard a quiet

rustling, and found that my ribbon rosette had taken flight, and, being of the color of the grass, was not distinguishable; so my search was in vain and I turned back, dissolved in tears, and by the time my mother caught sight of me and met me at the door, I was too overcome to speak. Getting frightened and impatient she shook me and ordered me to tell her at once what had happened. Apropos of this episode is some poetry, of which I remember the verse:

"The tear down childhood's cheek that flows
Is like the dew drop on the rose:
When once the summer breeze comes by
And shakes the bush, the flower is dry."

My hysterical lamentations required something more of a *shaking* than that administered by the summer breeze. A wintry blizzard shook a short reply to mother's repeated question as to the cause of my grief. I managed to say, "I've lost my bow." The shaking was deserved, as also the oft-repeated question, "Have you lost your bow?" The green satin bow was never returned.

My next sister, Eliza, was quite different from any of us — of a delicate frame, small hands and feet, of sunny though excitable temper, with bright rosy cheeks and lips, blue eyes, auburn hair, curling; quick to learn her lessons and to forget them. She was married at seventeen to James Grant, a man wholly

unsuited to her, and he took her to live in Iowa before it was settled. He was a Democrat and had political aspirations, which were gratified by his party. The poor young thing was left alone while he was courting fame, and when he was at home he was not suited to her. She pined away and died at twenty years old.

The next and last child of the family was your dear mother, Ellen Maria, born December 2, 1828 — the flower of the family, from a child the sweetest and best of all. She was especially cared for by Sister Paulina, who took her to her bed and made her clothes and cared for her until she was six years old. Then Paulina married Roland Tinkham, (Alice's father by his second wife, Lavinia Weston — a dear friend of Sister Paulina's.) I have been sorry that your mother was too young to remember this loving sister's care and devotion. Your mother was, as a child, very sweet and pretty, and Paulina kept her dressed and took her out with her and was perfectly devoted. It is not strange that your mother forgot her, although she mourned her death bitterly.

When I was about seven years old my father and mother took into our family two boys, orphan children of a favorite nephew of my mother's. They had boarded with some one at Ipswich and been terribly neglected in every way; but they became good, affectionate members of our family and when we removed

to Chicago it was heartrending to see their grief. Their near relatives were all dead. Both are now dead.

Looking Westward.

About 1830, in June, father was prevailed upon by my brother Henry to visit the West. Henry then lived in Danville, Ill. Mr.[Gurdon] Hubbard also made that his home, and his two sisters, Mary and Abby, kept house for him. I think father was taken ill there with malarial fever and ague, etc., and that Doctor Clark, who afterwards was the husband of Mary and the father of Mary and Margaret Clark, whom I brought up, was father's doctor. When it was thought that he had so far recovered as to make it safe for him to return East, he started, and by the slow and uncomfortable modes of travel proceeded on his homeward way, alone.

Mother was notified of his starting, and watched and waited a month or more without tidings. At last he was given up for lost; and late preparations for winter were commenced. All thought that he had died on the journey, and that no one knew where he lived so as to write to his friends.

My Uncle Andrew, mother's oldest brother, came to see her to consult about ways and means. It was the day after our sad Thanksgiving—a cold, unpleasant morning, as I remember. We children were not called to

the family council, but were playing outside, when there came down a cross road opposite our house a chaise in which were two strange men. We did not at all recognize that one was our lost parent, but so it was. He had been very ill, put off the canal in New York state to die in a road-house with fever and ague, robbed of clothing and money, and left alone. He always thought that he owed his life to the fact that he was not supplied with water at his bedside, and in his delirium, a bottle of castor oil being near, he had quenched his thirst by drinking from it, and then relapsed into unconsciousness for a time. He recovered enough to know where he was, and, going on to New York, found a nephew from whom he borrowed money, got some new clothes, and reached home by having a man to bring him from Providence, or where he was put off the public transportation from New York.

His memory was confused, and his body racked with ague, a disease unknown in our vicinity. His only desire was for home and rest and cure, to effect which he took quantities of quinine, so new a drug at that time that it could not be obtained nearer than Boston. From being a loving, patient, tender husband and father, he had changed to a nervous irritable invalid of whom we children were afraid. All the rest of that sad winter he was ill with the little understood chills and fever.

He was sick in his room on the lower floor, which we avoided, as he could not bear any noise. If a coal fell, we did not dare to pick it up, and I remember that he shook so from the ague that the shovel and tongs at quite a distance from the bed would rattle, and that disturbed him. He got to taking quinine without weight or measure, until at length mother refused to send for the drug, and by the advice of Mrs. Bates of Bridgewater, whose two sons had been South and returned bringing the ague, replaced it with Cayenne pepper. Learning from her that it was injurious to use that powerful drug in such quantities, she substituted the pepper, which effectually cured the shakes. But father was left deaf and discouraged, and was never the same bright, energetic man that he was before, although he was only about fifty. As I remember, all of the following summer he was in poor health, and I think mother had a hard time, but as I was only eleven I was not in the family secret. After some months, or perhaps years, he grew to be like his former self and took up his former duties.

Nothing was said about our moving West for some years. Meanwhile sister Paulina had spent a winter in Santa Cruz by invitation of one of our rich relatives who was, I think, the only survivor of the family of mother's brother, Beza Tucker, with whom mother lived in Boston, and where she met father. All

their children were much attached to their beautiful young aunt; we all owed much to that family. Sister Paulina visited her cousin, Paulina Nash, in Middletown, Conn., and was invited to join the family party in their southern excursion, which she did, and remained until warm weather. They went by sailing vessel to the West Indies, and it was there that my sister became engaged to a Danish gentleman residing there; but the engagement was not announced as is done at present. There was, however, a ring, one or more, and letters constantly exchanged and presents of West India sweetmeats and oranges, etc. I remember his sending at one time a barrel of fine large oranges which were frozen on the way.

The mail was carried by vessels, and as their engagement was kept private, all their correspondence was carried on through a young Boston lady whose brother-in-law was interested in the line of sail vessels. His wife and her sister had been intimate with sister Paulina and knew of the engagement. As our parents had not seen the Danish gentleman, there was an agreement that if either of the contracting parties wished to break off the engagement they were to cease writing. This proviso was understood, so when the lover's letters ceased and hers to him were unanswered, she thought that he wished to break his engagement, and of course was unhappy and

indignant. Before summer came, she had promised to marry Mr. Tinkham. One afternoon a friend of ours, who was to marry cousin Sarah Tucker, Mrs. Bates's elder sister, drove down to notify the family that Mr. H. had arrived at the hotel and would soon appear at our house. We children had never been told about the scheme, and I remember mother was much agitated, and told me of the embarrassing situation. Very soon the gentleman appeared and spent the rest of the afternoon, took tea, and I suppose explanations were made. Soon after tea, Mr. Tinkham arrived and I saw the two lovers introduced. It seemed that Mr. H. had become alarmed at the cessation of letters, had arranged his affairs, and prepared for returning to his island home, bringing a wife. He came through Washington, and had given notice of his intention of returning to this country and being naturalized. It must have been a sore mortification and disappointment to him to lose his expected bride and go back home alone. I never knew how sister Paulina felt about it.

The only explanation of the matter was that the Boston young lady through whom the correspondence was carried on had intercepted their letters, with the knowledge that it would break up their engagement, and it was thought that she might have had some *special reason* for his release, hoping to catch his heart on the rebound. We felt that the man had not been

well treated by her, but I suppose she was satisfied with Mr. Tinkham.

I never heard of Mr. H. again; but naturally the affair broke up the friendship of Mrs. Nash and Paulina, and I think she never wrote or invited any of us until after my sister's death.

She married Mr. Tinkham the following winter, 1835. They moved to Bangor about sixteen months after the marriage and she died soon after. Their child also died at its birth. Mr. Tinkham was a superior man and deeply afflicted by her death. She was the first one taken from our family circle, and life has never looked to me since that time as it did before. Father was much overcome by it.

The removal, 1836.

About five years after my father's return from the West, as my brother had moved to Chicago, and gone into business with Mr. Hubbard, and sister Harriet was here also, they began to urge my parents to sell off their property and come to Chicago; and it was finally decided to make the change. All the older members of the family were living at a distance, and the prospect for the future seemed better in Chicago than to remain in the old home. It was hard for mother to leave the scenes of her childhood and dear friends of later years, but father wished it. So the house and small farm found a purchaser, and most of

the furniture, the growing grains and grass, the stock, horse, carriages, farming utensils, and tools were sold off at auction, and we prepared for the long journey and the change.

The auction sales brought less than their values. For instance, that beautiful sideboard which I value so highly was purchased by an uncle of Alice's for $2.50. Thirty-five years after, our fine furniture had fed the flames of the Chicago fire, and the descendants of that owner of my grandmother's sideboard presented the relic to me. Alice had it boxed, and when, after it reached me, I sent it to be repaired and put in order, Mr. Colby said it was of Holland manufacture and worth about $200.

I had not been told that it was planned by the elders that I should go to Maine and stay with my sister and go to school, as it was thought that in this new place there could not be very good advantages for education; but my sister having died so suddenly, I was permitted to come to Chicago with my parents and two sisters, leaving the two boys inconsolably wretched. They had hidden themselves in the attic and had planned to run away soon and join us. The night of the day we came away, they crept back into the empty house and slept there. Their guardian did not wish them to come from under his care, because of his interest in a little money to which they would be heirs when of age; so a good boarding place was found near the

academy at the house of an uncle of his. Their expenses had been so light during the nearly ten years of their being in our family, that the $4000 which was theirs had been added to, and an aunt had died leaving them $6000 more. As the law required a guardian to pay over to minors but (I think) 5% and a much larger interest could be obtained, it was an object for him to keep it in his hands and pocket the difference; which he also did with money belonging to mother, so that she never got the full amount of the legacy, $6000, and not much interest. He acted the part of the unjust steward to perfection.

It was a bright July morning, Monday; the neighbors and friends had assembled to say "good-by," the minister had come for a prayer, and all were ready when the stage called for us and we set off.

We went by stage to Fall River, I think, then took a steamer to New York City, arriving there the next morning. We spent the day there till four or five o'clock, when we embarked on a Hudson River boat. Then the first mishap of the journey took place: father was robbed of his ready money, and was obliged to get more from a belt which he wore around his body. I do not remember anything about tickets being lost, so I suppose they had been taken up.

Mother had, I think, never been out of New England and, not being used to travel, was

horrified at the robbery — was sure that we would never reach Chicago with all the family and belongings safe. She proposed turning back and resuming home life, where "the wicked ceased from troubling;" but of course that was out of the question. We remained all night at Troy and the next day took cars for Schenectady — the first time we had seen a railroad. It was not a "palace car," but a poor affair propelled by horses; and the rails were of iron, flat, and, I think, screwed onto timbers. However, it carried us to the canal, where we embarked on a line boat with one gentleman passenger, who shared with us the small cabin. I do not remember how many days it took us to reach Buffalo, but I do remember the locks on the canal and the uncomfortable sleeping berths, which had some former small occupants domiciled in them whose acquaintance was not so very agreeable.

Your mother was a very delicate child of seven and unused to such journeying, and was constitutionally seasick; so that whenever we stopped for locking or taking freight she had to be taken off and given a walk on land, and I think that sometimes father carried her in his arms. But in course of time we reached Buffalo and found a splendid large steamer, with nice table and appointments. I think it was new, and the first side-wheeled steamer to go around the lakes. It was the pleasantest part of our journey to us all but Ellen, who

suffered so much from seasickness that when we reached Detroit father got a doctor to see her. He said that we must give up the water and come by land across Michigan; that if the seasickness remained, she might die before we landed here. So the worst change of all was made. Father found a gentleman coming here, and they together hired an extra stage as being more comfortable and stopping nights, while the regular stage went night and day. The roads were detestable, cut through woods and stumps and mud holes, called sloughs, which were like those described by Bunyan, only he says nothing about mosquitoes; here were the largest and finest specimens to be found. Your mother was so weak and delicate that she had to be carried by father or me in our arms like a baby.

I think the stage had but two seats and two horses and moved very slowly, so that we were several days reaching St. Joseph, Mich., which was the end of our long stage journey. The sloughs had rough logs laid on the mud which oozed up between them and splashed merrily, but did not frighten away the mosquitoes. We reached St. Joseph on Saturday night and embarked on an old boat for Chicago. The lake was calm and we reached our destination early Sabbath morning in safety, although brother Henry said that had he known that we were on the lake in that old tub he should not have slept a wink, it was so unsafe.

Early Days in Chicago

Early days in Chicago.

We landed here near Rush Street. Of course there was no bridge on that street for years afterwards, but there must have been some kind of a dock. The first house which we entered was the "Lake House," a new hotel, the pride of Chicago people. It stood on the corner of Rush and Kinzie streets, fronting Michigan Street, and was quite new and considered very elegant. It was opened for guests the next day (Monday).

Father immediately went out to find brother Henry, who boarded near, and he came to the Lake House and took us over to Mr. Hamilton's, where we had a joyful welcome after our long, hard journey of thirteen days — two weeks lacking one day.

Mr. Hamilton lived but a few doors west of Rush Street on Michigan, and we were not long in getting to sister Harriet's, where we took breakfast. She was surrounded by her four step-children and one beautiful daughter, Paulina, nearly a year old. Father, sister Eliza, and I went with brother Henry to the Methodist church on North Water Street, not far from Clark, where Mr. John T. Mitchel was preaching. My brother liked him very much and, I think, attended his church regularly. Mother and our little sister Ellen remained at home that morning. I do not remember that there was any other Protestant

church except St. James, Episcopal, and possibly there was no rector there then. They were building the church on Cass Street, and when the basement was finished had regular services there, and until the next summer, I think, when the audience room was finished. We went to that church for some time, all excepting my father, who had a great prejudice against the Episcopal church on account of the intolerance of some of his own family in New Hampshire and Vermont who had joined that church, his father having become very High Church.

While we worshipped in St. James' basement, Mrs. John Kinzie was the principal leader in singing as well as in church observances. I remember just how she would rise after a hymn was given out, and say, "We all know Mear," and start off singing in a most croaking, unmusical voice. She played the piano well but had no voice for singing. After the congregation moved into the body of the church, she got up the choir, consisting mostly of her three cousins, Miss Frederika Williams and her sister Lizzie, who afterwards became Mrs. Skinner, and Miss Carrie Wolcott. Mr. Kinzie and Mr. Hubbard were among the originators and supporters of St. James.

Mr. Isaac Hallam, the rector, was a kind-hearted, good man; he was very slight in figure, and with a lean, sharp face. Both himself and wife were truly kind and benevolent,

but I think he had a hard time here, for very soon his people became poor, his salary meager and intermittent, and after some years of self-denying labor he left. As I remember, his salary was paid up in lots, which in after years became valuable. My sister Harriet was very fond of Mrs. Hallam, and very kind to her, although she did not attend that church. The new church had a very high pulpit, as I suppose was the fashion. It was large, and was said to be made of solid mahogany and to have cost $1,500; but Mr. Hallam looked very small when he got up into it. Brother Henry said he looked like a mouse peeping over a flour barrel.

That morning at the Methodist church is impressed upon my memory. Of course everything was different from the churches which I had previously attended, and all the people were strangers. I was much interested in the appearance of one lady, the handsomest one I had ever seen, and withal most beautifully dressed, and with a general appearance of beauty and elegance and good breeding. When I tried to describe her to sister Harriet she could not think who it could be; but the mystery was solved in a few days. We started off to school, I think, the following morning, crossing the river at Dearborn Street by means of a drawbridge moved by one or two men, with a pulley wheel around which was wound an iron chain with large links, and hard to

open or close, so that with the long delays, and often the kinks in the chain, we were not always able to be very punctual. The school was held in an old frame building belonging, I think, to Deacon Wright, and under the patronage of Mrs. Wright, whose daughter Anne, afterwards Mrs. General Webster, one of the younger pupils, was a very attractive girl about twelve. There was Ann Mulford (Mrs. Gibbs), a bright, intelligent girl; a Miss Warren, sister of Mrs. Beecher, was an assistant teacher. She married Mr. Dodson, the postmaster. His sister, Miss Dodson, was a pupil; also Jane Warren, a tall girl who was my mate when we walked in a procession; she was, I think, about fourteen. Leonora Temple, daughter of Dr. Temple (married to Mr. Hoyne); Frances and Laura Rumsey (Laura married Julian Magill; Frances died); Lucy Smith, sister of brother Henry's wife, was about my age; she married a man by the name of Thompson; Dora Smith, a younger sister, whose first husband was Stephen Gale, and her second, Charles Griswold; Lizzie Greenwood, a wild, attractive girl, my age, but no scholar; she married Edward Bishop.

It was the fashion then for people to buy on credit, which father never allowed us to do. Lizzie Greenwood dressed a great deal, although her father was a poor bookkeeper and had quite a large family. One day she came to school and said that her father had discovered

that she had been buying a pair of slippers every fortnight and having them charged, so he forbade her doing so any more, and required her to look up and wear her old ones.

But the girl who first attracted me was Rhoda Atwater, whom I loved the rest of her life. She was studious, a fine scholar, and in every way interesting to me, and we soon became quite intimate. She was a newcomer and boarded at the Tremont House. We used to come home together, and when we called for her to go to school with us, I found my beautiful lady of the Methodist church was her sister, Mrs. Judge Goodrich.

Miss Willard, the teacher of the school, was one of the plainest of women; and she had as an assistant Miss Harriet Warren, sister of Mrs. Cobb and Mrs. Beecher, and a younger sister, Jane, was a pupil; she and I, as I said, being the tallest girls, walked at the head of the procession, although she was younger than myself. I was in my sixteenth year, and was considered quite too old to attend school, as girls of that age were in society and had beaux. I remember one very sweet young girl, the daughter of a retired army officer, who had been engaged to a young officer, but they were never married, as he had eloped with the wife of a brother officer before the time of marriage, but she was cheerful and pretty and, I think, recovered from her disappointment before spring and married. I

remember her as being very pretty, with a sweet voice for singing. They lived in a suburb of Chicago called "Hardscrabble," her father's house, if I remember rightly, being the only one there.

Chicago, when we came, was very gay and the ladies quite extravagant in dress and style — some of the leaders very ignorant but managing to keep up appearances. It was quite the fashion to have a piano, and music teachers were in demand. A few army officers left behind were much in evidence in society, and were quite popular among the fashionable set. There were two rival leaders in society: one, Mrs. Kinzie, a finely educated Christian woman from Connecticut, whose influence was on the side of intelligence and virtue; the other, a very attractive woman, a Southerner, who was a favorite on account of her kind heart and winning manners. Of course there were many cultivated Eastern ladies also, but things *were mixed.* The "hard times" which prevailed the next year steadied people and brought out the good influences which had been in a measure smothered and hidden in the days when everybody was getting rich in haste and vieing with one another for attention, striving to excel in style and dress and entertaining.

As there were no reliable caterers, refreshments had to be home made unless ice cream, etc., were ordered from Buffalo, by vessels com-

ing round the lakes. I remember one such case. I suppose the steward or some of the employes on the boat had the freezer in charge and supplied the broken ice and salt as needed; however, there might have been a special attendant provided, as everything was done *regardless* of expense. I think the party to which I refer was made for Daniel Webster. Of course wines were provided, and I think of one lady whom I saw dressed for the occasion in a French crêpe dress over white satin, with low neck and short sleeves, lace bertha pinned at the back with a fancy breastpin, and various other jewelry quite gorgeous to my simple taste. I did not attend the parties but was more or less conversant with their doings and had little respect for the gay ones. I remember being quite angry at two belles who I think had planned to tease me about the teacher of the school which I attended, who was my model for all that was worthy of respect. Her name was Miss Gifford; afterwards she was Mrs. Dyer and the mother of two sons and of one daughter, Mrs. Loring. Mrs. Wm. H. Brown had invited her to a party, and "the belles" remarked to me that school-teachers were not be to received *into society.*

One of them said that if she had to earn her living she "would rather do it by *taking in washing* than by *teaching.*" I remember now how mad I was, and how I replied that "some people whom I knew were better fitted for

earning their living by washing than by teaching." As both of them were ignorant, as most of the Southern girls were, it hit them both, killing two birds with one stone as it were, and scaring me awfully; but nothing disagreeable ever came of it. One of these girls was very handsome, but a Roman Catholic, and became engaged to my brother; but he objected so strongly to her waltzing with a dissolute bachelor officer that the engagement was broken off. She, however, became a Christian —a Methodist—and turned out a fine woman. She had not had many early advantages. Both of these belles were in very reduced circumstances, and thought to be wholly dependent on relatives. They were not over two or three years my seniors, and I suppose I was "putting on airs."

I remember a story told us by Mrs. Kinzie of a handsome sister of one of them who married into a high Southern family and in course of time became very poor. They moved out into the country and lived, I think, in a log-house. Mrs. Kinzie called on her one day and, after some delay, she walked in, dressed, I think, in her wedding dress, which she had put on after their approach and then jumped out of a back window, making her appearance as if she had been out taking a walk. I mention this to describe the ideas of these uneducated, handsome leaders of society, and how it appeared to us, coming from Massachusetts

and New England, where education seemed the one thing needful. My mother was very aristocratic in her views, and you may judge how she regarded these pretensions, and how she cared not how hard she worked if she could have her family well educated and with good manners and moral characters. She felt herself so superior to many of the would-be leaders of society that if she had been slighted by them she would not have cared. Father was not aristocratic, but most thoroughly honest and honorable, and he chose for his associates men of like principles, whether high or low, rich or poor. He was fond of good reading and, being quite deaf, spent his leisure in studying new discoveries, travels, etc., not caring much for the opinions of others.

Brother Henry had taken a house for us, but we could not move in for some time, as our furniture was long in reaching Chicago, and before it came, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton decided to go East, leaving mother to take care of their four children, and taking the baby with them. While at the East he was very ill and did not return home until the following March. In a week after their return the baby died. from the fatigue of the journey and the very cold weather. They came back by way of Pittsburgh, and the journey was fearfully bad. They brought with them two colored servants — a manservant and a nurse. In crossing a low prairie in this state the stage broke down

and the passengers got out and walked about six miles through the half-frozen water. Sister Harriet had to carry the baby, who was then quite sick, as either the child would not stay with the nurse or the mother dared not trust her with it.

As soon as the family came back we moved into our house, which had been vacant from July, although houses were much in demand. Father was in the Recorder's office copying deeds, Eliza and I at school, and your mother, I think, at a school for smaller children where the Hamiltons went. Brother Henry and one or two of the clerks from the warehouse boarded at our house.

About this time (1837 or 1838) everybody began to be poor; those who had the most real estate were the poorest. Mother got quite a good sum of money which had been kept back wrongfully by Mr. W*** W***, who was my cousin's executor; when Mr. Hamilton was in Boston he put the business into the hands of a good lawyer there, who made the unjust steward refund, although at a loss to us, I think, of some thousands of dollars much needed.

I was in my sixteenth year when we came to Chicago, and some of the girls of my age were in society; but it would have been a severe trial to me to have been obliged to be *grown up*. My ambition was to study and to keep in school year after year. I did not, however,

have my longings gratified, for I was obliged to leave school when I was not over seventeen to help my sister Harriet, whose health became very poor after the loss of her lovely baby. Mr. Hamilton was very impoverished and could not keep the servants which they had, so I gave myself up to helping her about the house, and in sewing and shopping, and when she had another little girl we divided its care, never leaving it to the care of anyone else. That child lived to be eighteen months old, and I think it was never awake without either she or I watched over it. Its death was a severe loss to me. Both the little girls were very handsome and lovely, but either people did not know how to take care of babies or the climate was unpropitious. It was generally the custom to take them away the second summer. Our baby drooped for some time, and at last it was decided to take her to Mackinac. The time was fixed for going. I was to be of the party, and I think one of the elder girls; but the little one was taken worse and died.

The winter following, sister Eliza was married to Mr. Grant. She, poor child, was a lively, witty, bright young girl of seventeen and did the most of her preparatory sewing, meanwhile helping sister Harriet, who was very delicate. They were married in January. I think I was the only bridesmaid, and Mr. Skinner stood up with me. Mr. Grant took

her to the Lake House to board, and in the spring took her to Iowa to live.

Before sister Eliza's marriage brother Henry had been married to Julia Smith, and Mr. Grant and I stood up with them. Henry brought his wife to live at my father's, who had moved to a new house on Indiana Street near State, but I still made Mr. Hamilton's my home, and so I have not much recollection of the events of that year. I remember that he presented his bride with the wedding dress and her sister Lucy and myself with our bridemaids' gowns—white figured satin. Afterwards, he and Dr. Boone, his brother-in-law, moved to the country. They had a canal contract, and Henry became ill with a congestive fever caused by the opening of the canal. He was very ill and we feared that he could not live, and I was sent for to watch with him one night when he had a very high fever, and the rest of the family left him in my care.

Before they went to bed we were in the front chamber looking at a bonfire in the middle of the street opposite. As we stood at the open window we found ourselves attacked by myriads of fleas, which, being driven by the flames from the shavings, etc., gathered from a new building opposite, were driven into our house. These frantic fleas must have hopped up the wall of the house to this second story. I do not imagine that they took the whole leap at one jump, but they got there and nearly

made us wild. Of course we closed the windows and, standing there, heard them lighting on the glass, sounding like rain or snow pattering on the panes. I felt all night as if I were on a bed of live coals instead of roses. We were thankful that the fleas did not attack the sick man. Sister Julia soon got rid of hers and went to bed; but my nursing kept me in such torture that I never forgot it. Eventually Henry got well; but he had a hard time making a living, and after a while had to give up his contract on the canal, and I think got a position in some public office. Mother took Julia home and there her little boy George was born. Your mother was at home and became very fond of the baby. She was eleven years old and very reliable and helpful. Henry could not get a nurse, so mother took care of Julia through her sickness. I remember that some of the baby clothes provided were hemmed in such a bungling way as to leave red marks on the baby, and Ellen was found picking out and hemming them over, so that they would be more comfortable.

Pioneer Society in Iowa.

About this time it was decided to have me go to Rockingham, Iowa, to visit my sister Eliza and take care of her. They wanted mother very much, but the journey took several days, and she did not feel like taking it alone. There were no public conveyances,

so Mr. Grant sent his brother with a nice carriage and pair of horses. We started on the second of November, my birthday, and had good weather and roads. We stopped at farm houses which we had heard of and planned to reach, and found everything comfortable but the sleeping accommodations at one place. I had a bed in a room with, I think, six other beds — just a space wide enough to walk between. The man, his wife, sons and daughters slept in the beds, which had curtains. I got in with my clothes on, laid some of them off on one side, and in the morning arrayed myself and reappeared. Any decent house was for travelers, with food for man and beast. I think we were about five days reaching our destination. I had one offer of marriage on my way, from William Grant, who was about three years my junior, and a red-headed freckled boy. Girls were scarce, and I suppose he meant to be forehanded. He never married, presumably from disappointed love. I think I told him "he was a fool." I know I thought him one, and at any rate I stopped his kind attentions.

To say that my sister was glad to welcome me to her lonely house is putting it mildly. Mr. Grant was away a good deal, and she had but few scattering neighbors. They lived on a large farm, their grounds encircled by a rail fence about eight feet high — what they called "a top and rider" fence, a zigzag, rough

affair made to keep wolves out. As a further protection they had six fine dogs — two large greyhounds, black, called Rolla and Flora, two setters and one watch dog, and a beautiful white greyhound afterwards called Lady.

I never remember having so much time in which to do nothing. One of my amusements was to feed the dogs after breakfast. Taking a large milk pan of sour milk, I beat into it flour enough for batter cakes, and added soda and probably eggs; then baking a quantity, I piled them up, well buttered, and the dogs stood in a circle round the kitchen door. I would take a batter cake, and calling each in turn, it would step forward and catch the cake which I threw at it. Each had to wait until the name was called. It was quite funny. They had all the milk they could drink, and whole sides of bacon thrown out to them. Of course, it was wasteful, but the abundance could not be given away to the poor, for it was six miles from Davenport, and I doubt if there were any poor there.

I read a great deal: Shakespeare, Rollin and other big histories; took care of the baby, who came about one month after I reached there; and rode on horseback, or Eliza and I drove out in the buggy, taking the baby. I did up all the sewing for the baby that they had material for — enough to last about two years — and turned and made over two of

my own dresses, a challi and I think a blue-black silk.

Mr. Grant was a lavish provider, buying goods by the piece, and groceries by the barrel or other quantities. I remember a mat of cinnamon, one of black currants, coffee, tea, cocoa, etc., in bulk; then he ordered from New Orleans by boat, I remember, a bolt of grayish Russian sheeting, double width, which grew grayer as it was used and washed in their hard water. When wet, it was like sail cloth. Also a whole piece of French calico — I think about forty yards. Eliza had two dresses of it, I was presented with one — about eight yards, as it was a yard wide — the baby had dresses and double gowns, and still there was plenty left.

They had droves of fine Durham cows, choice selections of pigs, black and white, chickens and turkeys — so many of each that they knew not what to do with them. They saved, one summer, a barrel of eggs for winter use; but as their hens laid all winter, the barrel of eggs was rolled out into the drain. I think the eggs were carefully laid "right side up with care," and covered with a brine made of lime and salt. No wild fruit grew around them excepting strawberries, which in their season were so abundant that one could pick a large basketful without moving from one spot in the enclosure. They had a good Protestant Irish girl and another young one who was bound to them till of age.

There were two or three men to cook for, and Eliza was fond of nice cooking, so that there was abundance of everything excepting fruit. They had such loads of ham, bacon and salted meat that there was a great waste.

One of their neighbors who was poor used to come privately and take away provisions. This neighbor was from Boston and of a literary family, and was editor or publisher of a magazine in which new books were reviewed; and boxes of these books were sent to him in Iowa. Mental aliment was plenty. Afterwards the gentleman opened a banking-house and got rich. I do not think his wife ever told him the source of much of their supplies.

There was but one poor store, which had the commonest things for sale, so I never could get materials for any nice work and I was very homesick.

The village of Rockingham had, besides the store, a tavern and a blacksmith's shop, but I do not recall their looks; there were, however, nice, well-educated people in the village, and all were very kind. We had, once in a while, a church service, and a very ignorant, uncouth Methodist preacher. I think he preached in the schoolhouse. The doctor was a well-educated, skilful physician by the name of Barrows, but lately married. The wife's parents, by the name of Sullivan, and their two unmarried daughters were pleasant people.

There was also a married brother, John. I remember very little of Mrs. John Sullivan.

Mr. Grant and Eliza had boarded with Mrs. Higgins, the tavern-keeper's wife, who was a kind, motherly woman, willing to do all in her power to comfort and help them. I cannot remember that there were any other residents at the village. There was, however, a minister by the name of Mead living not far from Mr. Grant's on a newly opened farm, whose wife was a sweet, refined New England woman; they had two children — a boy and a girl. We were invited there to spend the day not long before I left. I remember the neatness of the log-house and the well-behaved children. I think we went early and dined about noon. The weather was warm and I saw no signs of dinner. I think there was no servant, and the cooking stove was in sight. Presently Mrs. Mead arose and set the table with nice table linen and dishes; then she threw back a breadth of rag carpet, disclosing a hole under the floor. This was her cellar and store-house. She went down, I think, some steps and produced food in abundance and variety, of the best kind — milk, butter, cakes, etc; I suppose cold meat, but I do not remember. Mr. Mead came home and we dined. Their house was a one-story log-house, but extremely comfortable and pleasant. Mrs. Mead was, I think, more intimate with Eliza than any other lady.

Sometime that summer we were invited to dine at a very aristocratic house belonging to a wealthy Southern family whose name I cannot remember. They had bought land on the Mississippi about six miles below Mr. Grant's and established themselves with their retainers (colored). We drove there and found much of the elegance and style of Southern life. The house seemed to be quite a number of log houses connected; the main room was filled with elegant pictures, and I think handsome furniture and many books. I was quite awed with the grandeur. Colored servants waited on the table, and the dinner was fine and well served. I think their civility was not returned before I left, and I never saw them after. Our nearest neighbor was a brother of Epes Sargent, who, with N. P. Willis of Boston, edited the *Ladies Journal*, I think. They had literally piles of books, and not much else. With them was a Mr. Schiller. I think they had been partners — Sargent and Schiller — but I do not know when or where. They did not seem to have anything to do, but were pleasant.

There were also living, not very far, two of the Higginson family; they were of the Boston Higginsons. The elder was married and had some kind of a prefix to his name — "Captain," I believe. The younger brother was John Curling, called by our Chicago George Higginson, "Curling." He was extremely elegant, but also very poor.

At one time during the winter the young gentlemen and others got up a ball at the tavern in Rockingham, to which we were invited, and coupled with the invitation was the request of the managers that we would wear our best clothes — such as we would adorn ourselves with at a Chicago party. So Eliza wore her beautiful wedding dress — a rich white silk trimmed with *real* blond lace, short sleeves — and both of us wore long white kid gloves. We carried our clothes and dressed there. Eliza also took her baby and the girl. Some of the guests were nicely dressed and well bred; others were quite common, "Hoosiers." Lucy the maid, and little Mary the baby, were in one of the drawing rooms, when one of the guests came up and began talking with her, not knowing who she was. She said there was that Mrs. Grant and her sister wearing silks and satans (satines), with short sleeves and long-armed gloves; for *her* part she did not consider them proper to wear to parties; that 'way down in the place Injinana (Indiana) where she lived they had silks and satins, but they used to wear them to milk in. Lucy asked her what she did wear then to parties. She said, "Chintzes and chalotes," chintzes being calico and chalotes being a kind of cotton challi.

When the time came for refreshments we were seated on a high bench which was placed against the wall of the dining room, painted

dark red, in which the ball was held. The seat was too high for us to put our feet on the floor, and in this position we had *pie* passed for refreshments; I forget what other viands.

It was at this ball that I first met Mr. John Higginson, our Mr. George Higginson's younger brother, unmistakably the most elegant man at the ball. The Misses Sullivan were there, dressed finely, as they had but lately come from some town in Ohio. I think we remained at the hotel that night, but the ball gave us a subject for fun for some time.

I remember a horseback ride which Eliza and I took, she carrying the baby. Off out on the prairie we saw a new flower, and without thinking, I slipped down from my high horse to get it, and had great trouble in getting back again. It was not until I found a stump of a burned tree to climb on that I could ascend to the saddle. Of course, Eliza and baby could not help me, but I never tried such a flight again.

Another time we were driving out in a buggy, I holding the baby. The road was sandy, and right in the middle of it a cow was taking her rest. Eliza drove onto the cow, which rose up under the wheel and very nearly tipped us over.

One cold, wintry afternoon, when the ground was white with snow, Eliza and I went out for a walk. We got onto a high place in sight of the house and then began to see which could

scream the loudest; when there were two black streaks on the snow, and the greyhounds, rushing to our aid, leaped the rail fence, with the stake and rider on top, about seven or eight feet high, at a bound, and came to us, all we could see of them looking like two black lines. I never saw such running. The high, strong fence was intended to keep the wolves out and the five dogs to drive them off. I do not suppose that the wolves would have attacked us, but were after the hams and bacon in the store-cellar — but their howling in the night was unpleasant.

Mr. Grant was a Southern Democrat and desired popularity, and we were thought to be rather exclusive; and in order to show that we were not, he tried to get Eliza to milk the cows. She declined, and then he turned to me and offered the choice of his Durham cows if I would essay to milk once, but I would not try it.

He was very hospitable, and being known for it, we had company at all hours. Farmers and people who came to consult him on law business or to look at his fine stock were asked if they had dined, even if it was hours after our dinner time, and if they had not, a dinner must be got up for them: chickens, ham and eggs and whatever could be found. He succeeded in being elected to the Legislature, where he was able to make money in various ways.

There was a man by the name of Bigelow

arrested for counterfeiting silver, and the alloy being found in his possession he employed Mr. Grant to defend him, which he did by having horseshoes made of the metal, and I think some horses shod with it. So the man was not convicted, although Mr. Grant acknowledged to us that he was a counterfeiter. As a fee, he got a fine gray horse, which he named "Bigelow." I told him my opinion of his methods, but he did not seem offended or convinced that he had done wrongly.

During my stay at Grant's Grove I read a great deal of history, Shakespeare's plays, and attacked the library of law books for want of something more interesting. We seldom received letters from home or any place, as postage on letters was, I think, twenty-five cents, so we did not carry on a very active correspondence. And as for newspapers, I believe we had none, nor any magazines. I kept a sort of diary and wrote doggerel for the children at home for amusement, but time hung heavily and I was fearfully homesick. Eliza had her baby, and I made clothes for little Mary — enough to supply her for months in advance; made over stockings — a dozen pairs for my sister Ellen and the Hamilton girls; turned my dresses, and having worn out one, cut and made it over for your mother, and it was a good fit. But I suffered for want of work. My sufferings in *that line* have ceased ever since I came back.

As I intended staying only three months, I had few summer clothes; my winter bonnet was dark velvet, and I had to wear a straw gipsy bonnet of Eliza's because, having a very great quantity of hair, it was the only head-gear, excepting a sunbonnet, that I could get on.

But I must relate one incident that was quite touching and amusing. One afternoon, about three o'clock, Mr. Grant brought a stranger in and ordered dinner cooked for him, and I think he remained all night. A little time after that, Eliza and I were out spending the day; and when we came home we learned that the man had been there again and I think remained some hours, cared for by Lucy. The upshot of it was that he offered himself to her, explaining that his wife had died and that he wanted another; he had a farm and some children, I think, and said he was well off. Lucy refused to listen to his tale of love, and he left and did not return; but the amusing part of the tale I heard from some one in the village. He had come intending to offer himself to me, but could not await my return and so proposed to the girl, who might have given him some encouragement, but that she was engaged before leaving Chicago, and returned when her promised year of service expired. So I just missed having a home in Iowa. He needed a helpmeet so much that he was quite desperate, but he ought not

to have made the young men at the village his confidants. And the story was too good to keep.

I went to Iowa, expecting to return to Chicago in about four months; but as we could travel only by private conveyance, I had to be sent for, or sent in Mr. Grant's carriage, the way that I went; and as they wanted to keep me, it was never convenient. So it was not until August that I could come back. An office boy was sent with a horse and buggy. He knew nothing about driving, and the first day out from Chicago, drove six miles beyond Dixon — over a hundred miles — and by the time he reached us, the horse was nearly dead.

He rested a few days, and we started back. The poor beast soon gave out, and I had to walk most of the way, and often felt like helping the horse draw the empty buggy with only my trunk. However, we survived the journey. The poor boy, about fifteen, did all he could for my relief and entertainment, and we had some adventures, one of which I will relate.

At one of our stopping places (hotels) I was shown into quite a large lower room with two beds, one of which was curtained, and I understood that my boy escort was to sleep in the attic. Being very tired I started for bed early, and the landlady told me that he would take the uncurtained bed and I the other. I was very angry and remonstrated.

She replied, "I thought you would like your company to be in the room with you." However, I was obliged to get into the bed provided or sit up. It was very hot, and the bed was a thin cloth stuffed with dried prairie grass, crackling at any movement. I did not undress, but lay down with the most of my clothes on, and the rest with me under the curtains. My poor boy came in and went to his bed, while I spent the long night in discomfort. In the morning he arose and went out; and then I was released and got into the air. On going out of doors, he ceremoniously said "Good morning," without either of us intimating that we knew of each other's discomfiture; but he characterized the place as "beastly," and I agreed with him.

When I left Iowa, I expected to go again sometime. My sister was in good health and the baby Mary was a lovely child, and a great source of happiness in the home. Mr. Grant was having his ambitions gratified and making money. I think he had bought up county bonds at a very low price, and the authorities had passed a law that they should be paid in full, rather than repudiated, as was expected. Mr. Grant had got himself elected to the Legislature, and used his influence in their favor; at any rate he made money by them.

It was August, as I said, when I came back to Chicago. Henry Hamilton had been born the previous winter; my sister Harriet was

very delicate, and mother was living with her; father and Ellen lived at the farm near Lockport. He had a man and his wife keeping house for him and was very comfortable. Ellen was in her thirteenth year. When it became time for school to open she had to return, and I think she made her home with brother Henry, who lived on the corner of Washington and La Salle Sts., and went to school on the South side.

Soon after my return from Iowa, I visited my father and Ellen, and then came back and took mother's place at Mr. Hamilton's while she visited the farm, from which she was recalled by my sister's sudden and severe illness. By the breaking of an ulcer on her lungs she was prostrated and raised blood; and Dr. D***, being ignorant of his profession, bled her instead of trying to build her up, and otherwise depleted her. She lived about a year but seldom or never left her room.

Meanwhile Elizabeth Hubbard had come West to keep house for her brother Gurdon. I had visited her and intended to spend the winter with them when I came to Chicago; but I devoted my time that winter to helping mother, although I had a room with Elizabeth.

Toward spring Harriet grew worse, and the doctor said the only hope for her was to go to another climate as a last resort, and it was decided that she should visit my sister in Iowa. I was deeply attached to this lovely sister.

It now seems to me that I would have given my life for her, but it might not have been the case had it come to trial. When the plan of going to Iowa was proposed, she said she could not go and leave those step-children unless I would consent to take charge of them, taking them to the farm for the summer and attending to their studies, etc.

There were three — Sarah, Ellen, and Diana — of the Hamiltons, my sister Ellen, and a niece of Mr. Hamilton's, Lizzie Phelps, who lived with them and had no other home (she afterwards married James Low, the boy who went to Iowa for me). Father had, at his own expense, made the old house into a comfortable home with several bedrooms, painted it himself, and I consented to hard work and care. It was a dreadful task. Father had previously employed an Irishman and his wife to live with him and do the work, but that spring the man and his brother-in-law, who had worked for father, took the farm on shares, and as the woman (Hannah) was obliged to work in the field, we could get her only one day in the week for washing. So that I had no help excepting Lizzie and the children, and poor Lizzie was of such a disposition that she could not be depended upon: she had moods when she would stay in her room. I had a summer of hard work, and sleepless nights from toothache. My brother sent an old sailor there to attend to fires and help as he could, and meanwhile

he was to make a quail net of cords. In case you should want to catch quails for private eating, I will describe the snare into which the poor, frightened birds were driven and enticed and captured alive to be devoured. The snare was a long cylinder with wings, perhaps twenty feet on each side, attached. The cylinder was closed at the end, and the wings held upright like a fence. The poor birds, driven along inside of the fence of net, would run into the opening of the cylinder, from which there was no escape, and be secured alive in crowds. They never thought of flying over it.

I expected Lizzie to do the ironing, as I attended to the cooking mostly, and she did as *she pleased*. Father helped me, as he had only the garden to attend to. We had cows, and I made butter as well as bread, and worked hard, and suffered with my teeth mostly nights. Cousin Gurdon, as we called him, came to see us, and when he went back to Chicago, sent mosquito nets for our windows and doors. I believe father made frames and put them on; they were the greatest comfort of our desolate existence. It was an extremely dry season — dust and dirt unbounded; the garden, which was father's care, all dried up; our well became dry, and all our water was brought about three quarters of a mile. The cows, driven to a river two miles more or less from us, were as thirsty on reaching home,

from the dust, as before they went to water. Melons and corn dried up, and even the wild berries became so dry on the bushes that we could make no use of them — the leaves would crumble in our hands; so the pleasures of a summer home in the country were quite limited. But we were happy in the news that Harriet was better.

Meanwhile, the house in Chicago was closed, although I think Mr. Hamilton slept there, and probably one of his tenants. Mrs. Adams took care of the house and him. Along in June, he had taken his wife, child (Henry), and a girl, with mother, in a big covered wagon to Iowa to stay with the Grants, whose hospitality was unbounded.

Mr. Hubbard had fixed up an emigrant wagon, doubled the springs, and in every possible way made it comfortable; a mattress was laid in it, and the poor sufferer carried by short stages to Iowa. Mr. Hubbard, with horse and buggy, preceded them, picking out the best roads and engaging lodgings, meals, etc. When he found corduroy bridges which had to be crossed, he would drive on and tie his horse and return, lift Harriet out, and take her in his arms over the jolting places, while Mr. Hamilton drove over with the others. In this way they reached Mr. Grant's. Cousin Gurdon had thought of everything that could add to their comfort, and put in a store of provisions likely to be needed. Mother took

care of her all summer, and she gained steadily; so much improved that the good Dr. Barrows, whom they consulted, thought that if she could stay away from Chicago through the winter she might regain her health. But she felt unwilling to remain away from those children, and returned about the time of the fall rains, went into their shut-up house, added to her cold, and I think was never out of the house. On their homeward journey she had been able to sit up and ride thirty miles a day. They came home by our house, and stayed a day or two, and as soon as they were settled in Chicago sent for the children, and mother again took up her housekeeping and nursing.

Harriet lived until February the following winter. Her death was a dreadful blow to me, for she was my favorite sister, and being of a lovely disposition and fond of children, entered into our plans and cared for the little amusements and pleasures of our daily life. She was educated at a fine school — Miss Grant's at Derry — and the last year of her attendance at that school she lived at our uncle Alanson Tucker's, the father of our cousin, Mrs. Judge Savage of Omaha. My sister was deeply attached to Uncle Alanson, and his lovely wife.

After my sister's death, mother remained with the Hamiltons till spring, and then my parents went to housekeeping on Indiana Street, where they lived until the spring of

1845, when father bought a house on the corner of Dearborn and Ohio streets.

Marriage, and after.

I was married to Gurdon Hubbard on the ninth of November, 1843. We had a large wedding but *no* presents, although we gave some to my two bridesmaids, Miss Cornelia Brown and Miss Towner, who afterwards returned some gift. A few wedding parties were given, at which I had to represent both of us, as about two weeks after that event the groom went to Peoria, engaged in packing, and was gone until Christmas. We remained at home until my parents moved into their own house, when I went to housekeeping on Indiana Street in a pleasant story-and-a-half house, with a lovely flower garden, where we lived I think about nine years. During that time I took two nieces of Mr. Hubbard's to live with us — they were the daughters of a dependent, widowed sister of Mr. Hubbard, and wholly untrained and uneducated, but grew to be lovely Christian girls and a comfort to us. Margaret died at thirty-two, of a scrofulous affection of the digestive and other internal organs, ending in dropsy. Mary, the oldest, lived to be forty-four, and died in the fall of 1874.

Chicago was a much pleasanter place to live in then than it is now, or has been since "The Fire." The people with whom we associated

were all friendly and kind, sharing each other's joys and sorrows, and enjoying simple pleasures. The Sabbath was kept holy, and the people were mostly such as we wished to associate with. If any of us were sick, we had offers of service, and sometimes little delicacies were sent in. If we wanted to give a party, we borrowed lamps of the neighbors, sometimes spoons, and as we had to make all our own ice cream, those of us who kept cows would send cream, others, flowers in their season, and kind and neighborly acts were offered and often accepted and reciprocated. I will tell one instance of the kind. Some Detroit friends of Mr. Hubbard's came to visit Mr. Kinzie, and your uncle wanted to show them some attention. I had Mrs. Morison of New York and her little girl visiting us, and with but little help it seemed a burden to undertake added hospitality; but we decided, as the weather was very hot, to invite the friends to come about eight o'clock—after tea, as we all had dinner about one o'clock and tea at six. So the invitations were sent out verbally by Gurdon [Junior] and the girls, and accepted. Before the time came, your uncle started for New York on urgent business, our dear Aunt Saltonstall was taken very ill with inflammation of the bowels, your mother was visiting Mrs. Abbott, at Mackinac, and my mother had to go and help take care of Mrs. Saltonstall, whose daughter-in-law had gone East,

leaving a raw German girl not even talking or understanding the language and Mary Saltonstall, the granddaughter, about sixteen, with her self-indulgent father and two or three brothers.

Mrs. Morison was to go back the next day, and her brother-in-law came from New York to escort her. I worked very hard preparing for the entertainment — made ice cream and cake, etc., using all my cream excepting a little saved for our tea, and about six o'clock got ready to dress, when the bell commenced ringing and the visitors to come. I had nothing in the house for their supper and was not dressed, although the first comer, Mrs. Frank Howe, was asked out to the dining-room and given refreshments. The next were Mrs. Kinzie and her Detroit friends and Mrs. Skinner, who arrived about six. Mrs. Kinzie, after being in the chamber which Mrs. Morison and Lucy had to vacate for the company, sent word to me asking at what time they were expected, and the answer angered her old aunt, who said to the niece, "I would not have come to an evening entertainment." Mrs. Skinner said she thought it strange that I invited tea company, the weather was so hot, and followed Gurdon out, and asked him if he *was sure* that they were asked to tea. He replied that I had sent word for them to come early and bring their work. However, that party went home and got their supper, and I calmed myself as best I could. I calmed in vain; for about

eight Mr. and Mrs. H * * * arrived. I proceeded to entertain them, not expecting they would *ask* for their supper at that late hour. Very soon Mrs. H * * * said, "I hear that you did not expect us to tea; we have not had ours and *want some*," or words to that purpose. I said that Gurdon had made a mistake in giving the invitation, and her reply was to the effect that I ought to have known better than to send a message by him. It was so rude, and I felt so bad, that I went out into the kitchen and through the back alley to Mrs. Goodrich, and burst into tears while telling her. She said, "Go right back; have your girl put on some water to boil for the tea, and I will come over and bring everything," which she did, and sent the plentifully prepared refreshments which she had got ready to give the Methodist ministers on their return from a boat excursion; but they had not come. I remember how nice it all looked — brown bread sliced and buttered, biscuit deliciously made, cold tongue and other meats arranged on waiters, etc. She came over to the kitchen and sent the things in, while I sat as calm as if I had prepared it all. What the H * * * s thought I never knew, but I always hated to think of the rude, unkind speeches of Mrs. H * * *. After all, neither of the self-invited guests ate anything. I remember that Mr. H * * * took a cup of tea only but Mrs. H * * * had said they "needed it."

The next morning Mrs. Morison and Lucy started for New York and I went to nurse the dear old lady, whose life seemed so nearly ended; but she recovered. At that time we could not obtain a nurse for love or money, so we had to help one another.

We entertained a great deal, as the practice had been to bring visitors at our one o'clock dinners without any notice. I always aimed to have things in order and the table well set, and plenty of well-cooked food. We were not forgetful to entertain strangers (angels unawares), giving up our own room if necessary; and all was done with poor servants, and the necessity of making all our refreshments, preparing lamps, and decorating with flowers without *extraneous* help. When I first went to housekeeping, I took a highly recommended girl (Irish) at the highest price, $1.50 a week, but she was so impressed with a sense of her importance that I kept her only about two weeks. Then I had a good English girl for $1.25 a week, who lived with me a long time. We always kept a man and a horse and cow. Food was very cheap — eggs perhaps six cents a dozen, butter from ten to fifteen cents a pound, meat cheap, coffee and tea higher — but most of the necessaries of life were low in price. I remember that our hay cost us about $2.50 a ton if we bought it on the prairie and brought it home with our own teams. Water was bought by the barrel for cooking and

drinking, and we always had rain water. Fish was cheap and rents very low — about $150 or $200 a year for a good sized two-story house. We, however, seldom or never *hired*, as we chose to have our own home.

Central Illinois in 1844.

In the summer of 1844 your uncle and I, with Mr. Blackstone of Blue Island, went a land journey. We had one horse, and he put in another and had his carriage, a four-seated, very comfortable one. I think it took four days for us to reach Peoria, where we stopped a few days, went out to Jubilee College, Bishop Chase's home, and then to Galesburg, reaching there Saturday, and stopping at the tavern, which was also a boarding-house for many of the students of the college. Galesburg was a colony of New England people, headed by a Mr. Gale. The colony took with them their tradesmen — as blacksmith, storekeepers, as well as doctor and minister — and made a settlement on a beautiful rolling prairie. I remember it as a pretty place then, and now with its trees grown and improvements of all kinds, it is very attractive. We found the hotel quiet, comfortable, and a good table with quiet, gentlemanly boarders. After breakfast the landlady asked me what we would like for dinner. I said, whatever the rest had. She replied, "We do not cook dinners on the Sabbath." I said, "That will just suit us, as

we do not have hot dinners on the Sabbath." So the long tables were covered with pies, cake, and, I think, cold meats, etc., with *hot tea;* and the young men and ourselves with the family sat around the table and enjoyed a homelike dinner. Then we rested, and when we went downstairs found ourselves the only occupants of the house—all the others had gone to church about four o'clock. We strolled out for a walk and saw no one till we came to a little cottage outside of which was an old man sitting in the shade; it was altogether pastoral in its simplicity and God-fearing, Sabbath-keeping atmosphere. I would like to see the same condition of things now and here.

From Galesburg we went west. It rained incessantly and the mud was very deep, and where they had fenced the roads so that we could not turn out, almost impassable.

We journeyed toward Nauvoo, and as we neared that Mormon settlement we heard much of the lawlessness of the Mormons, the stealing, etc., and the arbitrary rulings of the officials of the county, the officers and sheriffs being Mormons. One tale I remember was of a farmer who had a pair of valued horses. The Mormons stole one and he took the mate and rode to Nauvoo to get his horse back; but returned home on foot, as they stole his other horse. The bad roads detained us at Nauvoo some days at the hotel, which was quite a pretentious affair. It was the only

public house in the place, for Joe Smith had received a "revelation" saying that he was to keep the hotel, and he was then building another on the river — a fine stone one. The Temple was being constructed of stone; the basement was high, and under the floor of the audience room there was a large tank (I think for baptizing) of stone, supported by four pairs of oxen — two on each side, their bodies under the tank, their heads, necks, and fore legs in sight, well carved. We heard that the men all had to give two days' work a week, and their horses and oxen also for public work, and also that when newcomers arrived they were required to put their money into Joe Smith's hands, with promise of payment from him when needed. This promise was not always kept. The Monday after we arrived a court was held, at which Joe Smith was tried. He was the judge of the court, and the officials were Mormons; but when he was up for trial, he appointed some one in his place, and of course he was acquitted. It was late before the court adjourned, and as I locked myself into my room when your uncle was away, I did not go down to dinner till his return, so Joe Smith sat with us at table. He was a very coarse, cross-looking man, came to the table without coat or vest, and entertained us by telling the triumphs of Mormonism. He said that if he could get the whole world under the sound of his voice, he could

convert them in two sermons. Your uncle pretended that I touched his knee under the table-cloth and said, "Let us go;" because, as he pretended, I feared he might be converted. But I suppose that I was too disgusted with Joe to stay longer with him. I never saw him again, and I think that in two weeks from that time he was killed, and his accounts closed for time.

One afternoon it was raining very hard, and your uncle proposed that we should go down to the basement and see some mummies, the notice saying that one of them was that of Pharaoh's daughter. The exhibition was kept by Joe Smith's mother, who received us kindly and explained the history of the long dead laid out for inspection. I did not feel so solemn as one would have expected, for the old woman was all the time committing murder (of the King's English). The principal mummy had lost most of her fingers and toes, as they had been stolen for relics. I asked what had become of the gold plates which had the account of their inspired (?) writings. She replied, "O, they's took care of. You see they might have been stolen, and so they was give back to the one they got 'em of." When we had seen and heard enough, we prepared to go. We had bought a Mormon Bible and I had thanked Madam Smith for showing the relics, when your uncle unexpectedly inquired the charge, and paid the old lady for her polite attentions.

I forget how much he paid, but I was sorry to have wasted my politeness in thanks.

As soon as we could leave, we went to Quincy; leaving our horses and carriage there, we took a steamer to Burlington, Iowa, to visit Mr. and Mrs. Hebard, who lived on a farm near that place. This was my first acquaintance with those lovely relatives of your uncle, and I have never ceased to appreciate their excellence. Later, they were in the habit of going East every summer to visit relatives and friends in New London, Conn., and often spent a day or two with us. Mr. Hebard was a noble man, and she was a mate for him. He has left for a better land, but she still lives at the age of ninety-two. The night of the Chicago fire they came to us about midnight, having walked all the way from the Palmer House, with two boys bringing their trunk by hand, for which they received ten dollars. After remaining till we were forced by the approaching flames to leave our house, they started to walk to the West Side, and take cars for Aurora, where they had friends. Their trunk was carried over to the West Side with ours, and regained, as well as other trunks left in the baggage cars and run off to escape the flames—not the least article of theirs was lost.

We remained with Mrs. Hebard some days, then returned to take a steamer on the Mississippi to St. Louis. We did not see Mr. Hebard at his home, for he was out on his business of

civil engineering — probably laying out some railroad. Poor Mrs. Hebard had the ague, but was able to give us a hearty welcome. I think we were the first of her Eastern relatives who had visited her. They moved from their farm and finally settled at a place which Mr. Hebard discovered when laying out a railroad; and with another gentleman they laid out a town called "Red Oak," where they made their home. He was a member of the Legislature, and held responsible offices, being widely known and loved by his constituents. We visited them in 1881 on our way home from California, and found Red Oak a beautiful town. The location justified Mr. Hebard's choice.

Our visit to St. Louis was very pleasant. Your uncle had some very pleasant friends there. I think we remained on the boat, as your uncle had business at Oquakee, further north than Quincy, where we had left our horses and carriage, so we returned; and being obliged to buy a new horse, as our poor young animal was unfit for traveling, we started east across the muddy country to Beardstown, Ill. The whole country was flooded. Where the steamers had to land at the towns on the Mississippi, the river was so high that the boat was level with the second stories of the warehouses, the lower stories being under water. We heard of a river steamer which got out of the main stream and into a ravine,

which was so full of water that the pilot made the mistake, and the boat was left high and dry when the water subsided. We did not *see* the wreck with our own eyes, but heard about it with our own ears. Finally we reached the Illinois River, and putting our "impedimenta" and our own weary selves on board of a boat, went to Peoria, and after a short stay, proceeded to Chicago. I think our friend, Mr. Blackstone of Blue Island, had started home before us, but our perils and discomforts being over, the remembrance was rather interesting. That rainy season was throughout exceptionally healthy; the streams being full, there was not the usual miasma arising which usually causes malarial fever, ague, etc.

The second winter after our marriage I visited Peoria, expecting to board with your uncle at the hotel; but the place was so badly kept, our friends Mr. and Mrs. Curtenius would not allow us to remain, but invited us to *visit* at their bright, cheerful home. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Curtenius and their little girl, Annie, and the widowed mother of Mrs. Curtenius. I enjoyed being there very much and expected to remain until about Christmas, when the members of the Legislature would be returning from Springfield to Chicago. Mr. Wm. H. Brown, and Mr. Norman Judd were expected to go home, and as both were old friends of ours, I was glad

to travel under their protection. It was also inconvenient for your uncle to stay so far from his packing-house and to come to a one o'clock dinner. Also I felt that our prolonged *visit* might have become a visitation; so I was greatly disappointed when the severe weather about that time made stage riding so hard and even dangerous that these gentlemen decided to spend their vacation adjournment in Springfield. However, as I was ready to start and there was another lady to be a passenger, I would not hear of remaining longer, although kindly urged. It was after dark when I bade farewell to our kind friends and took the stage. Your uncle went to the office and introduced me to a customer of his who was coming to Chicago. I think we were to go to the house to take up the lady passenger, when they received notice that she had decided, on account of bad roads and weather, not to go. I could not bear the thought of going back to Mrs. Curtenius, and knew that they would not allow me to go to the hotel, where your uncle was to board; so with fear and trembling I started off with the only other passenger. I had not seen his face in the dark. Very soon he began to entertain me with his religious experience. He was a perfectionist, and said he had not sinned for a long time.

Your uncle had provided me with two buffalo robes, one tied up in a roll to support, and the other to spread over me. We were

then packed on the back seat. It was but a short time — perhaps two hours — before he put his nasty head on my shoulder, and when I had thrown it off, offered me other insults. I unfastened the strap in front of me and, throwing my buffalo robes onto the front seat, leaped over the middle seat and seated myself on the front one. I was near enough to the driver to feel certain that I could make him hear. After a while the "perfect" man begged me to come back to the better seat, and when I declined, he offered to exchange seats with me if I would resume the back seat. I think I never spoke to him after that till we reached Joliet. It seems several days and nights that we traveled, and at Joliet he left, and I was alone the rest of the way, bouncing about. The drivers treated me with deference, and when we stopped to change horses (I think about every twenty miles) I heard the last driver reproving the other for profanity, saying, "You will scare the lady;" so I felt comforted. I was almost worn out with the rolling of the empty stage and the sliding as we came around icy slopes. The road was cut out of a hillside with no guard to keep us from going over precipices as we slid around the curves. I tell you this tale of travel that you may be thankful for the change from those days to the present methods. I never told your uncle much about my escort, for I was afraid that if he ever came across him any

where he would attack and beat him, as they used to say, "within an inch of his life." I was thankful to be at home again.

The Later Years.

Meanwhile, father and mother had moved into a house which they had bought on the corner of Dearborn and Ohio streets, so I spent some time with them, resting. We had taken the house on Indiana Street and lived in it two or three years, I think, when we moved to a smaller one on the adjoining lot, which had a lovely flower garden, where, we lived some years. Then we enlarged the first house and moved back, where we remained until 1857, when we moved to La Salle Avenue, where we had a conservatory and a very large garden, obliging us to keep a gardener. I enjoyed the flowers very much, and the door of the conservatory opening into our basement dining room made it a very charming room full of sweet fragrance. We sold that house to Mr. McGregor Adams, who was living there at the time of the Chicago fire, and afterwards built a fine house on the grounds. All my homes have been very pleasant.

About four years after the death of my sister Paulina, Mr. Tinkham married a dear friend of hers, one suitable in every way to be her successor. He lived until Alice was ten years old, and then, as her mother had died

six years before, he gave her to us to bring up, saying that if he could only know that she would be brought up under the same influences as Paulina he would have no further care. His own sister and her mother had brought up their families, and he chose to have Alice come to me. I think that if her father could see her now, and know what she is interested in, and what she does for others, he would be satisfied that she came to us, and had advantages which she could not have had in old Middleboro; and she has been a comfort to us and, I trust, a blessing to the world.

Alice was married in 1875, and we all went South that winter, being left so much alone. Mary and Margaret Clark had both died, mother had gone to her rest, and only your uncle and I remained to keep house in our lonely home. We rented our Indiana Street house furnished to Mr. and Mrs. Case, of Elmhurst, and soon after our return we moved to Locust Street, where we had built a block of four houses, one of which the Hamiltons took, another of them, Mr. Rowe, the jeweler, Mr. Fales another, and we moved into the east one of the block, larger than the others and with a lovely flower garden and grounds in the rear.

Mr. Williams and Alice had moved to Minnesota, and for a few months of that summer Louise Pitkin boarded with us. Then, in the fall, Mr. and Mrs. George Clark invited

us to lease the house to them and board in their family; they also took Dr. and Mrs. Savage to board, old friends of ours. The Clarks remained until summer, and then all three families of our house vacated. In the fall, when the Clarks returned, we again joined ourselves as one family, and the following spring the Clarks moved into the house adjoining Henry Hamilton's, in which the Rowes had lived, the Faleses having the one next to us. Dr. and Mrs. Savage remained with us as boarders, making a pleasant addition to our home life. For several seasons they went East summers, and we to some other place, closing the house.

Meanwhile, Mr. Williams had left Minneapolis, and, I think, gone to Europe. On their return, they settled at Northfield, where Carleton College is, and in which Edward was much interested. Both of their houses were very pleasant, and I think Edward was much loved by his parishioners. Our relations with the Savages continued until the summer of 1883, when we let them take our house furnished and went to Mackinac, where we had built a cottage.

We started the first of July for Detroit, remained a few days with our good cousins, and, having been joined by Sarah, went to our summer home. In about three weeks Mr. Hubbard lost the sight of his remaining eye (having lost the sight of the other two years



1885

us to lease the house to them and board in their family; they also took Dr. and Mrs. Savage to board, old friends of ours. The Clarks remained until summer, and then all three families of our house vacated. In the fall, when the Clarks returned, we again joined ourselves as one family, and the following spring the Clarks moved into the house adjoining Henry Hamilton's, in which the Rowes had lived, the Faleses having the one next to us. Dr. and Mrs. Savage remained with us as boarders, making a pleasant addition to our home life. For several seasons they went East summers, and we to some other place, closing the house.

Meanwhile, Mr. Williams had left Minneapolis, and, I think, gone to Europe. On their return, they settled at Northfield, where Carleton College is, and to which Edward was much interested. Both of their houses were very pleasant, and I think Edward was much loved by his parishioners. Our relations with the Savages continued until the summer of 1863, when we let them take our house furnished and went to Mackinac, where we had built a cottage.

We started the first of July for Detroit, remained a few days with our good cousins, and having been joined by Sarah, went to our summer home. In about three weeks Mr. Hubbard lost the sight of his remaining eye (having lost the sight of the other two years



1885

before) and was totally blind the rest of his life. His health was very bad.

Mrs. Savage was also taken ill in Chicago about the last of July. I think it was September when we went home and found her very ill; she lingered until the next February, when she was called home.

I had so large a family and so much care outside, as well as with your poor, blind uncle, that I am astonished on looking back that I lived through it. He, poor, patient man, suffered on until the following September, (1886), when he fell asleep.

The Great Fire

The Great Fire

My Dear Anna: As I have promised to write you some account of our experiences during the Chicago fire of Oct. 9, 1871, I will begin, although memory brings back so many circumstances that I do not think I will have strength to write all, or you the patience to listen.

The weather for many days previous to that day had been extremely dry and oppressively hot, with high winds. On that Sabbath I went with your uncle to the Reformed Episcopal Church, Dr. Cooper, rector, on the corner of Center and Dayton streets. We drove in the office buggy, I think; at any rate it was a very unpleasant exposure to the hot, dustv wind, and I had hard work to keep my bonnet on.

We had said good-by to the dear old Second Presbyterian Church, and I was undecided where to make my church home. We had a pew at the New England Church, and Alice and I taught in their Sabbath school, which was partly a mission school, Sabbath afternoons, and we usually went there Sabbath evenings. At the same time your uncle was much interested in Dr. Cooper, who had been an English chaplain and married in Spain a

Spanish wife, and who, being dissatisfied with the high church performances instituted and approved by Bishop Whitehouse, had left the Episcopal Church and, with his own money, assisted by others who believed as he did, had built a church and a parsonage connected, and lived and preached there. Having been ordained in England he was not under Bishop Whitehouse's persecuting hand. Your uncle believed as Dr. Cooper did, and wanted me to go there with him.

On Saturday night preceding the great fire, there was a very large one on the West Side, in the lumber district, and I have no doubt that had that fire been fully extinguished, or watched, the losses of life and property by the next conflagration would have been avoided.

A young man, cousin to the Williams family, told me that on Sabbath afternoon, as he was returning from the West Side, he passed an enclosure where was kept roofing material, and that he saw a barrel of tar set on fire from the remains of the night before lumber yard fire, blown east across the river to this yard. He put out that fire, but did not do anything to avert the same danger again. I have always thought that the story of Mrs. Leary's cow tipping over the lamp was a newspaper lie. Another man by the name of Henry Melchior, whom I knew well, told me that he saw the Court House starting to burn

from something which looked like a great ball of fire, which was sailing in that direction and struck the Court House cupola in several places at once and set it on fire. It was a frame addition.

I think as he did, that when the gas was let out of the gasometer, it rose and, catching fire, was drawn by the high wind from the southwest and set things in its course into a blaze.

On Sabbath afternoon as Alice and I were going to N. E. Church to teach, we saw a very great crowd on Washington Park and knew that there was the funeral of a Mr. Edsall, a brother of Mrs. Horace Hurlbut, who had been killed on the Thursday night previous, and the excitement produced by the death, with the uncertainty about its cause, had drawn the crowd. He was a druggist, of the firm of Hurlbut & Edsall. It was said that some burglars had been around his house not long before, and that he was prepared for a renewal of the attempt to enter his house; but the first alarm which awakened his wife was the report of a pistol, and when she ran down stairs he was lying on the floor at the foot of the stairs, dead, from a pistol ball. Opinions were divided as to whether he had been shot by a burglar or, hearing a noise at the front door he had gone down and in some way had fallen and shot himself. There were one or two pistol balls found in the vestibule

door, I believe. His own pistol was under him. Detectives were at work on the case.

On that Sabbath evening your uncle and I went to the Grace Methodist Church, where the Moody Church is now, to hear a sermon by Dr. Parkhurst on the occasion of this untimely death. On our return we sat a little while in the library, and I remember we had some grapes and then went to our room. I was in the habit of spending some time combing my hair and preparing for bed, and your uncle had fallen asleep when I raised the shade of my dressing-room window, which looked toward the south and southwest, and saw the fire. It seemed fearful. The wind blew a gale, and soon the air seemed full of flying cinders. I called your uncle and begged him to come and look at the fire. He said, "It is the old fire of last night kindled again; we can do nothing; you had better go to bed." The sight of the clouds of smoke and flaming boards driven by the wind filled me with alarm; I could not leave the window nor cease watching it. Finally he rose at my entreaties, and was greatly alarmed. He was not in the habit of using strong language, but his exclamation was, "My God, we are all going to be burned up!" I can never forget the impression of his words. Immediately he proceeded to dress, and went down to call our man, who had a room in the basement, but found that he had gone out, being probably

alarmed. Next he went to our near neighbor's, Mr. McGregor Adams, and found that he had also gone — to his place of business, I presume. From that time—about twelve,—we had people coming constantly to our house for shelter. The bell rang, and I opened the door to find Mr. and Mrs. Hebard and daughter of Red Oak, Iowa, standing in the vestibule with a large trunk, and two boys who had brought it by hand from the Palmer House. Mr. Hebard said, "Well, Cousin Ann, we have been driven out by fire and feared that we could not escape." At the same time he handed the boys (or young men) a $10.00 bill. I said, "Why, Mr. Hebard, do you pay ten dollars for having your trunk brought over here?" He replied, "Yes! and mighty glad to get it done." Afterwards I learned that they had hard work to keep the young men from running off with the trunk, trying to steal it. We prepared rooms for our friends to retire to, but Mrs. H. said, "I am not going to bed to-night, for I had such a fright trying to escape." They had been to church that evening and to bed, but were aroused and tried to get some conveyance to take them to us; had at last hired an express wagon and got their trunk in it, when some one came and claimed a better right to use it, and they started on foot. They feared that the State Street bridge would burn before they got over it. Many people came to us for rest and

refreshment, and we provided for them till all our food was eaten, although none of us ate a mouthful.

I found that my girls were preparing to go from our house to Illinois Street, where a sister of my second girl lived, and I said, "I do not think you should go out on the street where there is such a commotion." They then started to begin their washing in the laundry, which was in the basement; but finding that their boiler leaked, they took a new clean wash boiler and partly filled it with hydrant water, made a fire and then went off to find the sister. With this hot water we made coffee as long as our browned coffee lasted and also prepared cream and water for food for a few-weeks-old baby who was brought by a woman from no one knew where and was going to some place, she knew not where, being perfectly *bewildered*. She was not the child's nurse, but her mistress had told her to take the child and go to her sister's and she had forgotten the direction or the sister's name. We never knew who the child belonged to or whether the parents found the child. About 10 o'clock Monday A. M., as we were about leaving the house, the woman and baby sat in the hall, and I said to her, "You must go somewhere." She said she did not know what to do, and I spoke *with authority*, telling her to start at once and go North; that we were leaving the house, and all the others had gone,

and that if she remained she would be burned alive; so she went. There was plenty of time for her to get beyond the reach of the fire. I never heard from her. We had quite an amount of cooked food — chickens, corned beef, bread and butter, pans of milk, crackers, a box full, and fruit and cake — all these were laid out on a large table in the large upper kitchen — a sort of servant's hall — and people came in and got a bite, *or more*, and a drink of coffee as long as our stock lasted. Some of the water and provisions were taken out to the front gate for the hungry, faint passers-by to refresh themselves — this was suggested by Mr. Geo. Higginson, who with his wife had taken shelter with us. We had also some bottles of old sherry wine which your uncle had bought for Mr. Morison when he visited us. One or more bottles were brought from the storeroom, but I do not know of anyone who was benefited by it but a gentleman by the name of Taylor, who lived at Mr. Higginson's and who worked hard trying to save their things from their pleasant home on Dearborn Avenue. He came in quite exhausted, almost in a state of collapse from the heat and overwork. He told me afterwards how reviving it was to him, and spoke as if it saved his life.

I do not think that one of our family tasted a mouthful of food or drink — we were too busy. After we left the house, your uncle stopped

at a place on Division Street for something to quench his thirst, and for want of water ordered a glass of beer; after it was turned out the seller asked for the pay, and when your uncle found he had no money in his pocket, the man would not let him have it. I was glad to know that his premises were destroyed a little later.

We had plenty of water, because when I saw the probable extent of the fire I had drawn out pitchers and tubs full. I understood that before the fire the water was first pumped into that tower which is still standing, and so had a head which enabled it to reach high buildings; but if a fire was extensive the water was lowered so that it would not reach high. I had a habit of filling things with water in season and before it was lowered; and when the waterworks burned no one who had not taken such precautions could get even a glass of water to drink. We also had rain water in a large cistern, and another at the barn; and some gentlemen thought that we could save our house, which was isolated, and stop the progress of the fire by soaking carpets and nailing them to the exposed cornices and bay windows. They came and set one man to carrying cistern water upstairs, filling the bath tub with water, and then nailing the wet carpets over the exposed places; but it was of no use. The hot gale *flapped* the water out as if the heavy Brussels carpet had been a

pocket handkerchief. I was on my knees helping draw water after it was so low that it would not pump, while Professor Swing was sitting at our kitchen table munching food as calmly as if he had the day before him and nothing to do but enjoy his meal. I had seen him approaching the house, walking slowly along Locust Street toward the west, with his hands behind his back and his face upturned to the sky, and, as I heard afterwards, not even a sermon in his pocket. I think his family was out of town.

Sometime in the night I went into your grandmother's room, which was on the parlor floor, and lighted her gas and told her not to be alarmed if she heard a great commotion, as there was a great fire and noise. I did not see her again till about daylight, when your uncle asked me to induce her to go with him over to Gurdon's, who then lived on West Monroe Street, opposite Jefferson Park, as that part of the city was in comparative safety, the wind being a gale from the southwest. She assented willingly, and I found that when she had risen and looked out she made up her mind that it would reach us, and went to work packing her clothes. After filling her trunk she packed a large clothes basket which stood in her closet and tied a folded blanket shawl securely over it, putting a mantel clock which I had given her into the basket (this clock she afterwards gave me, and it stands in my

dining room now). The basket and trunk were carried off with some of our trunks and things and placed in a barn on the West Side, where materials for roofing were stored. The owner, having worked on our roof shortly before, had sent his men and teams over to help save our things; which would have been a great service to us had not his drivers broken into them and laid hands on all they could take or hide.

To return to your grandmother — I found her quite ready to go, so the pony was harnessed into Alice's pony phaeton, and I escorted her out the back way to the yard adjoining the stone barn on Whiting Street. She had put on her best silk gown and a poplin one over it, her winter cloth coat, trimmed with something that looked like fur, and her mink cap and muff, and she carried a new dress pattern of black silk and a package of umbrellas and parasols. Amidst the horrors surrounding us on that awful Monday, I was so overcome with her appearance and laughed so to see her expansive proportions that I was tired and could scarcely walk and assist her. She looked like an elephant, and when we got her into the phaeton she filled the whole seat — there was very little space for her attendant; but your uncle squeezed in and they started off. How she got through that heated air with all those clothes on she never mentioned; but she saved all her personal belongings and reached Gurdon's in safety, but with one wheel

smashed by a collision with a team that ran into them. They found the family ready for breakfast, not having been alarmed by the fire nor aware of the conflagration on the North Side. After breakfast, Gurdon took his father into his buggy and, with our horse tied behind, came over to help us.

I did not undress or go to bed that night, but packed trunks and entertained guests at intervals all night, our time and thoughts taken up by the many friends who thought that our house, being isolated, might escape burning.

We had numbers of helpers: the men from your uncle's packing house came to our aid; Dr. Cooper, rector of the Reformed Episcopal Church, with his two sons, gave their valuable assistance, and others also aided us. We might have saved all our belongings if we had buried them in our big garden, but we did not think about it. "Such things (stupidity) will happen in the best regulated families."

Your brother George had been staying with us from Monday morning till Saturday, and coming over that Monday morning with his satchel of week's clothing, threw it into an express wagon which was at the front door receiving our goods, none of which were ever seen again. George then came and helped about removing some of our things. Among others he took a white wax cross with sprigs of fuchsias laid loosely over the arms, covered with a glass globe, and placed it in the box

under the back seat of our large double carriage, where, some days afterwards, we found it rolling round in the box, and the wax sprays not displaced or broken, although we had used the carriage a good deal driving round trying to collect our possessions, and on the streets where the cars ran the heat so expanded the rails that they looked like measuring worms and of course were quite bumptious driving.

Here is another illustration of the heat of the air: At our house we had some very choice fancy hens — some pheasants which we had brought from New London, Conn., in a cage, when part of the journey was by stage, with occasional stops at cities where your uncle had business. These poor hens and their offspring were scattered around dead, with feathers unruffled, having died from the heat.

Into the carriage were put chests of tea and various things, although I think not as they might have been, securely packed, but I do not quite know. In some one of our conveyances we saved a fine large picture of mountain scenery, valuable and uninjured. We sent this afterwards as a present to Mr. and Mrs. Griswold of Peoria, dear friends of ours who had, after the fire, before they had heard from us, sent us some money as a token of love and sympathy. We heard from them that they valued it highly. It was scenery about Pike's Peak, and the mountain was well painted and

valuable — I think the artist called it worth $500.00 or $600.00, but your uncle bought it for less.

In our victoria we saved the large high mirror from between the parlor windows, unhurt. It was fourteen feet high and let into the floor, fastened by clamps of iron, and a continuous cornice extended from the tops of the windows across the top of the mirror. I would as soon it had burned, but as I was flying through the room Dr. Cooper called me: "If you will show us a high stepladder I think we can save this mirror." "Dr. Cooper," I said, "let it burn. We shall want other things more than mirrors." "Well," said he, "it is valuable. Now you will go up the ladder and show the men how to take the cornice apart." So I went. Then it was, "Can you get us a hatchet?" I remembered that in the attic there was a trunk of Indian costumes, with a tomahawk, which I got for him, and they took the mirror down, unfastened it from the groove in the floor, carried it out, and placed it in the phaeton or victoria, resting it on the dashboard, fastening it to the high driver's seat, and the top of the carriage being thrown back the mirror rested on that end, so was taken without a scratch. Underneath were packed very many things, *not* securely, but somewhat valuable to us then and afterwards. We had much trouble with the mirror, as the shop in

which we stored it was burned; but *it* was saved and at last returned in safety. It had no board at the back, and only a narrow frame about three inches wide which fitted into the window frame of black walnut and butternut. But the glass was very heavy — it was French and imported for that place it fitted, I think, at a cost of $300.00.

When we finally had a house it was restored; but at length, when we moved to the Marquette, it was much too long to go into the parlor, and the man who took the job of cutting it down made a mistake and took off about three or four feet, making of that the mantel mirror which is in the dining room. I was sorry he was so stupid.

Had it not been for the universal thieving propensities let loose we might have saved the most of our possessions and furniture which were on the main floors and chambers of our large house; but after hiring teams, with promises of large rewards, the men employed stole whole loads, so that we got back but a few articles. The things which we did save were mostly taken away in our own conveyances. The two horses were harnessed into vehicles with shafts, and the large family carriage and the double phaeton securely tied to the single buggy and the express wagon. In the office buggy, with sides about a foot high, we placed many of our large books, till it was filled even with the sides, but failed to

cover or secure them, so that many volumes were jolted out. In that way we lost volumes of Motley's works, bound volumes of the Harper's Magazine etc. I had taken the Harper from its first issue and still have the first volume and I think that I owned and had bound all the numbers to the date of the fire. Many of them were lost, and I replaced some, and also Motley's works.

At the time of the fire one thing impressed me very much which I have remembered very distinctly ever since. It was the calm, courteous way in which people talked—if all had been serene and normal they could not have been more patient and respectful.

I remember meeting one man coming down the attic stairs with a new pair of winter boots which your uncle had laid up for cold weather. They were of well-dressed soft leather and lined with some kind of a skin with the hair or fur left on. He politely asked me if he could have them. I said, "Yes," for the certainty of the wholesale destruction of our possessions made us very generous.

Alice had a very handsome and expensive winter suit — royal purple, with a velvet hat to match, trimmed with a long white $14.00 feather — which was laid away in a closet drawer. She took it out, looked at it, and replaced it, having decided that in our changed circumstances she would have no use for such extravagance, so she let it burn. She also

refused to try to save a trunk in the attic in which were stored some of her own mother's belongings, among the rest a high-topped shell comb, carved, and a long black lace veil heavily embroidered by her mother, as also a flounced white muslin dress wrought by the same skilful fingers. Afterwards she was very sorry that she had not allowed our cousin, Mr. Alfred Hebard, who was helping us, to try and have it taken off, as these relics were very handsome and valuable.

In passing our library door I was accosted by a young man who lived near and had been present at a meeting of a New England club at our house. He said, "Would you like this picture saved?" It was over one of the low bookcases, and the others had been removed. I replied, "Yes! If not too much trouble." After we got our possessions together I found the photograph, framed and safe, and have it yet in my room. It is of a venerated and dear clergyman, Rev. Doctor Huntington, Mrs. Hebard's father.

Although so much was stolen, we had bedding and some clothing to give to those who lost all.

After hiring three teams and loading them with the best of the furniture, piano, carpets, chairs, tables, etc., the three drivers stole the whole loads; from one gravel wagon only we got back two pictures — my grandmother's and brother Henry's — sewing machine, port-

able desk, one or two old books, those two carved library chairs which we now have, and two other chairs and a sofa. These were discovered by an Irish woman who had cleaned house for us, who informed the police (very privately) that they were on the back piazza of an Irish house on Paulina St., with the newly wedded daughter of the driver of the wagon. We supposed that he had stored the most valuable (to him) of our belongings in his own house, and the few pieces found at his daughter's had been crowded out. The man did not own the team. His employer had loaded up his own furniture in the wagon and sent him with it to a safer place, with orders to return for another load, instead of which he had come to us, and agreed to take a load for us to Dr. Cooper's church, Center and Dayton streets, for fifty dollars. The load was very valuable — a feather bed of mother's, all of the furniture in her room, and some pictures which we valued. Among them was a splendid one of "The Last Supper," presented me by Mr. Durborrow, who had been for a year Mr. Hubbard's partner and a neighbor of ours. It covered the chimney in mother's room over the mantel, being the usual shape of that picture, with a frame about nine inches wide, bought, I think, in Italy. I had helped them in some ways about the care of their things left behind when he received an appointment as agent of the Pacific steam ship

line and moved to one of those ports without returning to Chicago, and in consideration of my work and care he presented the picture to me, as I had always admired it. The subject being familiar to the Romanist, and the frame so elegant, appealed to the Irish driver's protecting care, and he had hidden it with the rest of his load, and we never got any clue as to its hiding place; but the oil painting of my grandmother and one of brother Henry were at the daughter's, and we got them.

After the fire there was no law or order, as in that instance. Again, early on Monday morning, the roofers whom I have mentioned before sent one of their gravel wagons to see if we would like to have some of our things carried over on the West Side to their "warehouse," so we loaded up this big gravel wagon like a coal wagon, with trunks and baskets, etc., packed, and they took them to their warehouse, which proved to be a room in a barn where they kept their roofing materials and horses; and that night the three drivers ransacked our packages and stole all they wanted, but *did not* break into the locked trunks. After we got over to Gurdon's and your uncle joined us (he being almost used up with trouble and work), he insisted upon mother being taken to Lake Forest, because a general conflagration of the West Side was feared, and, the water works being burned,

no help could have saved lives or property. Mother strongly objected to going without her trunk, which she had carefully packed, and it was with some of ours at the warehouse, so I took Gurdon's carriage and hunted up the place, rescued mother's trunk and took it to Gurdon's, and she and Mary went to Lake Forest, your uncle, Alice and I remaining.

When we found what a place our things were in, we got a basement room in the Woman's Home, Jackson Street, and the next day had them removed there and repacked and sent to Lake Forest. We then discovered that our goods had been broken into and some valuable things stolen. As soon as we could attend to it we got a policeman and Alice went with him in the carriage and searched the rooms of these drivers, where was found some very large fine damask napkins, *new;* some packages of tea from some large chests which Gideon Nye had presented me, sending them from China by way of San Francisco; and a few other missing articles. The woman who had the napkins declared they were hers. Alice looked at the first found and it was not marked, so the woman was triumphant till she found others which were marked "Hubbard," one of them having been omitted; then the theft was acknowledged, but the woman said that her husband had told her that they were given him, as also the tea.

Alice also discovered, with the aid of the

policeman, a dress pattern of maroon serge hidden on top of the kitchen dresser, with cockroaches running over it. Mary Stutz had been sewing for me, and on Saturday I had laid out her Monday's work — this dress with findings — in a basket. The dress was to be trimmed with maroon velvet — some remains of velvet cloaks which I had bought for Mary and Margaret Clark years before. The velvet was not taken. I cannot remember what else we got back. The dresses which Mary Stutz had made for Mary and Alice were saved and lived useful lives.

When all was got together at the Home, I set our coachman, William, and my second girl, who was engaged to marry him, to packing the things which we had saved, and they too *stole;* so it was a perfect revelation of the wickedness of unrestrained human nature. Another tale: the man who came with the wagon which Mr. Hubbard hired for $50 to take our things to Dr. Cooper's, and at whose daughter's we found the things on the piazza, was a driver for the man who owned the team. He stole the horses and wagon, came to us, was hired, loaded up and took our things to Dr. Cooper's, *ostensibly*, but in reality to his West Side home. Then, having no stable for the horses there, he turned them out on the prairie to feed. Some one else stole them from him and the first thief advertised for them, which notice was seen by the *real* owner, and

the man arrested, and we went to his trial before some justice's court, hoping to get some knowledge of our missing things; the sheriff promised to find out from him, but never did, so we had to drop the matter. We also employed a detective, who reported that our piano, which had been put on a truck on its own legs, and the spaces all around filled in with our parlor and dining room things, was probably with other pianos in a [this incomplete sentence is the last in Mrs. Hubbard's own hand writing.][1]

My storeroom that year was well stocked with canned fruits and preserves, far better and in larger quantity than common, and I mourned the waste of time spent in concocting these supplies. I had just finished up two large jars of yellow pickles, and there was quite a number of bottles of currant juice so old that the color was amber instead of red—this was kept for your grandmother's use—all these were food for the devouring element. But the most valuable of my storeroom belongings was some old china given me by your grand-

[1] Mrs. Hubbard is reported to have said later that the piano was buried in the back yard, but that the parlor carpet, laid underneath it, was left with a corner exposed, which caught fire, and both carpet and piano were destroyed. In view of the text, it seems probable that this incident must have had to do with some other piece of furniture.

mother, who had inherited it from her mother. There were two blue and white china fruit baskets and three platters for them, in imitation of braided work. I have seen a picture of these fruit baskets and read a description of their value since then. At the time I chiefly regarded them as having belonged to grandmother Tucker, whose portrait I have, and who died before I was born. I had also some fine china cups and saucers and a teapot, very frail and delicate — white with gilt sprays, and so thin that a man, a guest, finding his tea too hot and inadvertently closing his teeth, took a piece out of the cup.

Before your mother was married she used to have a flower garden on the corner of Ohio and Dearborn streets, and, wishing to soak some seeds to help their germination, she took these teacups and put the seeds in soak and set them on a ledge over the front door. They were so light that the wind caught them as if they were eggshells and landed cups and seeds in the garden at the east of the house without breaking one. But your grandmother said that Ellen did not care for their age, and I should have them. Then there was a large china willowware platter belonging to grandmother. All of these I mourned, even more than the confections.

That Saturday I had sent William, our man, to the Passavant Hospital on Erie Street with a load of vegetables from our large gar-

den. The hospital was started by Dr. Passavant, whom we knew, but was not named for him till after his death.

We had a great deal of handsome furniture, and also chandeliers and mantels. All could have been saved had we known enough to bury them, as our friend Mr. Fales did, in our garden. We had a whole block, from La Salle Street to Wells, under cultivation, and with the many who came to help us—workmen who were in your uncle's employ, and several friends—we could have taken down our expensive mantels and gas fixtures and carried out all our things. Mother had stored some of her things in our attic, besides having bought new furniture for her room, and Alice had done the same for her pretty room, and then we had a pleasant southeast room in the basement, with an open grate, well fitted up with valued relics from the Middletown house—about eight of those fine old chairs, now so much valued, a sofa, and a bookcase and writing desk combined, which had belonged to the aristocratic antecedents of your uncle. It had one of those secret drawers in which lost wills and valuable papers ought to have been found to our profit, but there was nothing but dust. Your uncle always intended to use that room as an office, but never did. It had an east window in front and a bay window with east, south and west exposure. The only article saved from this room was one of your

uncle's ancestral chairs, which had been used in the back hall, and which I have passed over to the Misses Williams, who are direct descendants of the original owners.

Our house was large. Your grandmother had furnished her own room nicely, and we had a large parlor, a dining room, a lovely library full of beautiful things, a large hall handsomely furnished, and six chambers upstairs, with many things in the attic.

Some large tight boxes filled with valuable papers and letters were also burned in the basement. All my nice dishes were packed and left under a maple tree at the corner of the house on the northwest, the china closet being wholly emptied. After the fire passed by, not a bit of china was where the boxes were — it had been taken off by some one.

This thieving propensity seemed almost universal at that time. I suppose the fact that things were lying round loose and would probably be destroyed by the advancing flames had the effect of weakening any principle of honesty. Not only strangers, but our *own trusted* domestics, some of them seemingly very reliable, stole from us. The Englishman who had been our coachman and was engaged to my second girl, was caught in hiding my sole leather trunk filled with our valuables, which I had especially charged him to take care of and carry off in one of

our own carriages. Fortunately, just as we were leaving the house, it was discovered and saved.

A sister of the girl came and claimed a seat in Gurdon's buggy as Alice, Mary and I were getting in to be taken from our house, which was already on fire. The woman had a husband and brother, who could have taken her off in our wheelbarrow or in an arm chair, but Alice jumped out and gave the woman her place, and she and Mary escaped alone under great danger and difficulties. Afterwards we discovered that the woman had sheets, fine towels, etc., in her possession which must have been taken from our goods which we placed in the basement of the Woman's Home, on West Jackson Street near Halsted, where I had carried the woman, and ordered them to keep her until called for, as she was liable to be taken ill anywhere on the street, having been expecting it for some days.

Alice and Mary had a very hard time getting away from the fire, as your uncle had gone with Rev. Dr. Cooper to help some people farther north, who belonged to their church, and expected that Gurdon was going to take us to his house, which he was ready to do, and I blamed myself for allowing the girls to go off alone. The cars were being run out of town to save them, and the bridges were catching fire, while the flames were being driven by the southwest gale, which nothing could withstand. How-

ever, I had not time to think and, indeed, did not know the danger and difficulty of getting through those streets and across to the West Side. Poor Mary was so terrified and excited that when the line of cars stopped running across the streets, blocking foot passengers, Alice would drag Mary up to the space left for foot passengers, and before they could cross the track between the cars, Mary would shrink from crossing and fall back discouraged. When at last they got to safety, Alice was so overcome with all that she had done, without having eaten or drunk, that, seeing a woman at her gate who was watching the fire, she went into the house and asked for water. The kind woman brought her some wine, and, taking it on an empty stomach, it made her very sick. When somewhat revived she rose and got to a car going west, I think on Madison Street. When she got on the car and asked the conductor what the fare was, she expected it would be a large sum, and was quite astonished to learn that it was five cents, as usual. When they reached Gurdon's, she looked as if she had risen from a sick bed — so yellow and faded and worn. Then, too, we were alarmed that your uncle was not there, and feared that he had been shut in the burning region. When he got there, and we knew that the family were all *safe*, we did not care if all our possessions were burned. Your uncle, Alice and I remained at Gurdon's for three or four days,

which were spent mostly in trying to get our things together and hunting for stolen goods.

The Woman's Home had, just before the fire, bought of me a lot adjoining their property for the sake of enlarging their buildings. I think they did not pay any money down, but had a year allowed them, and one year's interest, $600, presented to their funds. So when I insisted on leaving the woman there, against the matron's refusal, I mentioned the circumstances and required that she take the woman in and keep her until her husband and sister came for her, which they consented to do, but I think the woman was confined probably that night, so she had to stay. Her sister came and took care of her, and her husband, who was a bricklayer, was allowed to use the brick and things which he could get from the ruins of our house and build himself a small brick house on our ground, for which he was to care for what we had.

Your uncle got some one to take the standing walls down and clean and pile the bricks for sale. The kitchen wall at the west was still standing, with the range attached; in a little plate warmer in the range were our flatirons and iron mortar, and perhaps some other metal things uninjured, which they took — also some grates. The walls of our stone stable were also standing, and your uncle allowed William, our former man, to put a roof on and

to use it, as he took up the business of teaming and had plenty to do. I think he *boarded* with his future brother-in-law in their small brick dwelling. We learned that the man was selling our bricks, which were cleaned and piled up ready for us. He had teams come for them very early mornings, or employed William to deliver them. When found out, your uncle threatened him with punishment, and he lost his job. One day I went in town and visited the site of our pleasant home and called at the brick house. Hanging on a line outside I found my sheets, and inside, fine towels, which I recognized, drying. I felt so hurt that, after all we had done for them, they had robbed us, that I went over to Mrs. Chesbrough's house opposite (for they had put up a small frame house) and burst out crying. I did not say anything to the English family, and do not know that they ever found out that I knew they had stolen my things.

The account ends thus abruptly because of an illness which overtook the faithful amanuensis, Sarah Marsh, and after that Mrs. Hubbard shrank from the effort to compose. The family will bear witness that for the last twenty years and more of her life, Aunt Ann had in "Cousin Sarah," as my mother had had for years before, not only a most helpful



1908

companion but a devoted and congenial daughter.[1]

In 1890, Mrs. Hubbard and Miss Marsh moved from Locust Street, to the Marquette apartment building at Rush and Ohio streets, where the Walter Allport and Wheeler families also had apartments. After a happy year as neighbors there, the Wheelers moved to their home on Belevue Place, but for the next eighteen years the sunny library of Aunt Ann's cozy home was the gathering place of the Hubbard clan, and of others of all nationalities and professions, who knew where to find a sweet welcome and a generous response to the appeal of need. When I saw the dear lady's eyes shining and her face brighter, if possible, than usual, I said, 'I know you have been giving away something,' and I was invariably right.

That quiet spot became to many a sacred place, and the blessing with which the prayers and the glorified life of the now and saint seemed to fill the modest rooms, was imparted to the unending procession of loving friends who enjoyed the privilege of access.

The open door was always prepared for guests. The Allport children, the Holt chil-

[1] Miss Marsh, daughter of Rev. Curtis Marsh, being a missionary among the Indians in Wisconsin, was for many years in the household of her aunt and teaching life, a most welcome and helpful guest and member of the Holt and Hubbard homes.



1908

companion but a devoted and congenial daughter.[1]

In 1890, Mrs. Hubbard and Miss Marsh moved from Locust Street, to the Marquette apartment building at Rush and Ohio streets, where the Walter Allport and Wheeler families also had apartments. After a happy year as neighbors there, the Wheelers moved to their home on Bellevue Place, but for the next eighteen years the sunny library of Aunt Ann's cozy home was the gathering place of the Hubbard clan, and of others of all nationalities and professions, who knew where to find a sweet welcome and a generous response to the appeal of need. When I saw the dear lady's eyes shining and her face brighter, if possible, than usual, I said, "I know you have been giving away something," and I was invariably right.

That quiet spot became to many a sacred place, and the blessing with which the prayers and the glorified life of the now aged saint seemed to fill the modest rooms, was imparted to the unending procession of loving friends who enjoyed the privilege of access.

The noon meal was always prepared for guests. The Allport children, the Holt chil-

[1] Miss Marsh, daughter of Rev. Cutting Marsh, long a missionary among the Indians in Wisconsin, was for many years, in the intervals of her home and teaching life, a most welcome and helpful guest and member of the Holt and Hubbard households.

dren and Gordon Wheeler will remember the loving welcome, the toys, amusements and refreshments always awaiting them at "Flat 5." Her Christmas rhymes, accompanying gifts, were famous throughout the family circle, and her ordinary letters a high experience to those who heard them.

After the death of my mother, Ellen M. Holt, in 1903, and when rheumatism had taken possession of her, crippling and torturing but never subduing, Mrs. Hubbard thought much of Heaven and wondered why it took so long to get her mansion ready. Her mind retained its perfect clearness and her quick wit never failed, even after eyes and ears began to yield before the assaults of old age and disease.

I missed nine months of her last year upon earth, through absence in Europe. She seemed to be trying to live until our return, recovering from pneumonia in May and welcoming us happily at the end of June, 1909. Two weeks later, a stroke of paralysis brought the call she had been waiting for, and after a week of unconsciousness, her mansion having been made ready for her welcome home, she slipped away to take possession, July 19, 1909.

She was eighty-eight years and eight months — young.

ANNA HOLT WHEELER.

[*From the Annual Report of the Chicago Historical Society for 1909.*]

Mrs. Mary Ann Hubbard, an Honorary Life Member since 1907, died at her home in Chicago, July 19, 1909. She was the widow of Gurdon Saltonstall Hubbard, a member of this Society almost since its foundation, being elected to membership in 1857, whose life was interwoven with almost every phase of the history of Chicago from the time of his first visit here in 1818 until his death in 1886. Born November 2, 1820, in Middleboro, Massachusetts, fourteen miles from Plymouth Rock, of Pilgrim ancestry and environment, she brought with her to the West, whither she came in her sixteenth year, New England ideals and standards of religion and education. She came with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ahira Hubbard, to Chicago in 1836, making the long journey by stage, steam and canal-boat, varied by a railroad ride from Troy to Schenectady on cars drawn by horses over flat, iron rails screwed to the ties. At Buffalo they embarked on a large steamer, the first side-wheeler to navigate the Lakes. Leaving the boat at Detroit, they made the journey across Michigan to St. Joseph by private conveyances. After this long, wearisome journey they arrived

in Chicago one Sunday morning, and in true New England spirit, after breakfasting at Col. Richard J. Hamilton's, some of the family went at once to church; and Monday morning found the children at school. Mrs. Hubbard's first place of residence in Chicago was the Lake House, the Auditorium of that day. Married in 1843, Mrs. Hubbard became a leader in the simple social life of the days when the Kinzies, Doles, Russells, Hamiltons, Skinners and others entertained with gracious hospitality, independent of the caterer's aid. In 1868, when Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard celebrated both their silver wedding and the fiftieth anniversary of Mr. Hubbard's coming to Chicago, the guests were requested to register their names with the dates of birth and arrival in Chicago. This album is now in the possession of the Society and will serve future generations not only as a roster of Chicago's "four hundred" of that time, but as a roll of honor of those who made possible the Chicago of to-day. Mrs. Hubbard was a devoted member of the Presbyterian Church and deeply interested in the moral uplift of the city which was her residence for seventy-three years. Reticent by nature and training, her unostentatious charities reached out in many directions. She believed Christian teaching to be a basal factor in the assimilation of our foreign population, and gave largely to city missions, building a chapel for the

Italians, and supporting workers among them. In her earlier life woman's activities were narrowed by custom, and in later years physical infirmities kept her in bonds, but her kind heart, clear judgment and open hand will long be remembered by those she comforted. Truly, "the cause she knew not, she searched out." No one could know Mrs. Hubbard even slightly without becoming conscious of her almost masculine understanding and grasp of affairs generally, and this, with a passionate love for truth and her many other qualities, made her a monumental figure in Chicago history. Mrs. Hubbard's last visit to the Society's Rooms upon a public occasion was as guest of honor on the evening of April 16, 1907, when her gift of a bronze memorial tablet to her husband was formally unveiled. This massive tablet, the work of Julia Bracken-Wendt, bears an admirable bas-relief portrait of Gurdon S. Hubbard, with tasteful decorations emblematic of his sturdy character, his long life, and his early coming to Chicago. It is permanently installed in the upper hall of the Society's Building. Upon this occasion Mr. Henry E. Hamilton delivered as the address of the evening, a biographical sketch of Gurdon Saltonstall Hubbard, afterward published by the Society. Mrs. Hubbard was the last of her generation, having attained her eighty-ninth year. Her old age was a happy and useful one, a source

of great pleasure to those about her. Her death takes from us one more of those whose lives link the Chicago of to-day with the frontier town of the early forties.

NEDWICK'S BOOK STORE
171 NO. MICHIGAN AVE.
CHICAGO 1, ILL.
"OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS"